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EMILY,

A MORAL TALE,

INCLUDING

LETTERS

FROM

A FATHER TO HIS DAUGHTER,

UPON THE

MOST IMPORTANT SUBJECTS.

By the Rev. HENRY KETT,

FELLOW OF TRINITY COLLEGE, OXFORD,
AND AUTHOR OF THE ELEMENTS OF GENERAL KNOWLEDGE, &c.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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TO

THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES THE PRINCESSES

AUGUSTA,

ELIZABETH,

MARY,

SOPHIA,

AND

AMELIA,

THE FOLLOWING WORK,

INTENDED TO RECOMMEND

THE CULTIVATION OF THOSE VIRTUES,

AND THE

ACQUIREMENT OF THOSE BRANCHES

OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE,

WHICH THEY GRACE

BY

THE ELEGANCE OF THEIR MINDS,

AND DIGNIFY

BY THEIR EXALTED RANK,

IS, WITH THEIR PERMISSION,

HUMBLY DEDICATED

BY THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES,

MOST RESPECTFUL AND DEVOTED SERVANT,

HENRY KETT.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE very favourable reception which "THE ELEMENTS OF GENERAL KNOWLEDGE" have met with, has encouraged the Author to introduce another Work to public notice, designed more particularly for the service of the Ladies.

In the course of the following narrative he has endeavoured to instruct his Readers by the importance, and to amuse them by the variety of his subjects; with this view he has united Conversations and Letters with Sketches of original Characters, curious Adventures, and Descriptions of interesting Places.

To point severe and indiscriminate censures against the times in which we live, is perhaps rather the part

part of an ill-natured ſatyriſt than of a candid obſerver of mankind; for every age, like every individual, is marked by characteriſtic virtues and defects. But we cannot, it is preſumed, take a view of the preſent ſtate of ſociety, without obſerving that too many young perſons of both ſexes are diſpoſed to look upon the reſtraints of parental authority as an intolerable check to the freedom of their actions; to reſt their claims to diſtinction and praiſe too much upon trifling accompliſhments; and to think that conſtant appearance in public, and a continual round of amuſements are eſſential to their well-being.

If ſuch be, in any reſpect, a true deſcription of the ſentiments and the manners of the young, that writer cannot be fairly cenſured as aiming at an unworthy, or a trivial object,—as miſemploying his time, or degrading his talents, who endeavours to correct ſuch diſpoſitions by diſplaying the advantages, and deſcribing the pleaſures that reſult from the perſevering cultivation of filial love, from the acquire-

ment of elegant and uſeful knowledge, and from the exerciſe of ſuch virtues as are calculated to ſhed luſtre upon the walks of domeſtic and private life.

The Author of this Work, during many years, has been attempting to find the road that leads to HAPPINESS, and he leaves the candid and the judicious to determine how far the methods he recommends are likely to aſſiſt his young Readers in making this moſt important, and moſt deſirable of all diſcoveries.

EMILY.

CHAP. I.

——————— How could my tongue
Take pleaſure to be laviſh in thy praiſe!
How could I ſpeak thy nobleneſs of nature,
Thy open, manly heart, thy courage, conſtancy,
And inborn truth unknowing to diſſemble!

ROWE.

COLONEL LORTON was deſcended from one of the moſt antient and reſpectable families in the north of England. He had enjoyed the advantages of a liberal education, and paſſed ſome time at the Univerſity; but as he was of an active and enterprizing temper, his father purchaſed a commiſſion for him in the army, and he ſerved for ſome time, both at home and abroad. Naturally of a quick and inquiſitive diſpoſition, he improved every opportunity of ſeeing the world;

and as he belonged to a regiment, in which the officers were intelligent and well-educated, he made it his ſtudy to keep pace with them upon all ſubjects of uſeful information. He was ſtationed, for ſome time, with his regiment at Gibraltar, during the memorable and long ſiege by the Spaniards, when that impregnable garriſon was commanded by Governor Elliot, afterwards raiſed to a peerage by the title of Lord Heathfield. In the ſortie made by the Britiſh troops upon the Spaniſh camp, Colonel Lorton received a wound, not ſo ſevere as another in his face, given him at Naples, where he ſaved the life of a ſtranger from the aſſault of aſſaſſins.

This ſecond wound compelled him to quit his profeſſion, and try the beneficial effect of his native climate. Still in the prime of life, he retired to his paternal eſtate in Cumberland, and ſhortly after married a lady of a good family, who had from his earlieſt youth been the object of his ardent affection. She had very precarious health, and after making

ing him happy by the birth of a daughter, whose name was Emily, fell a prey to a lingering illness.

The place of Colonel Lorton's reſidence was at a ſhort diſtance from Keſwick in Cumberland. This county is well known to abound in the romantic beauties of lofty mountains, pictureſque rocks, gleaming lakes, rapid rivers, and fertile vallies. It preſents various changes of landſcape, as often as the traveller purſues the common roads, or ſtrikes into the devious tracks; and there are few parts of Europe which diſplay ſo many ſublime and beautiful ſcenes, within the ſame extent of ground.

The views indeed preſented amid *the Lakes in the north of England* are wild as nature can produce, and various as imagination can form. The endleſs combinations of wood and water, mountain, and valley, if beheld at the proper ſeaſon of the year, when the ſun diffuſes the ſtrength and beauty of his magic influence; the gleams of light ſpread over the bold rocks, or illuminating the ex-

panſive lakes, the mountains half concealed in the clouds, or thrown into dark ſhadow, during the ſolitude and ſtillneſs that reign around at noon-day as deep as at midnight—theſe objects give the eyes ſuch entertainment, and awaken in the mind ſuch delightful enthuſiaſm, as thoſe who live on plains, or are confined to cities, are not in a ſituation to experience, and cannot fully conceive.

Lorton houſe, an old but convenient manſion, was beautifully ſituated: in its front was an extenſive and verdant lawn, interſperſed with clumps of flowering ſhrubs, and where mountain aſhes, planes, birch, fir, and other trees diſpoſed with great taſte, flouriſhed in a ſoil well known to be highly favourable to their rapid and luxuriant growth.

The houſe was ſheltered from the north by a hill covered with a ſloping wood, at the bottom of the lawn flowed a meandering river, for ſome diſtance foaming and rapid, in other parts gliding in a clear and tranquil ſtream. On the oppoſite hill ſtood the village

lage church, and not far diſtant the parſonage houſe, partly concealed by tall ſycamores; around this eminence were numerous ſmall incloſures, chiefly of paſture divided by waving lines of hedge rows; a few cottages checkered the proſpect, which was terminated by a bending chain of mountains, and among them, far pre-eminent roſe the majeſtic Skiddaw.

The diſtance at which many of theſe mountains were placed, made them ſeem ſmaller than they really were; in ſummer they appeared of an aerial azure colour; in that ſeaſon of the year the proſpect from Lorton houſe was pictureſque in the higheſt degree, particularly when the ſun brightened the landſcape with a ſoft and golden light, and its rays ſtreamed between the openings of the mountains upon the verdant and flowery vale.

CHAP. II.

—— —— —— As the vernal flow'r
Cut by the plough-ſhare hangs its head, and dies,
Amelia ſinks in fading beauty's prime,
And virtue's bloſſom; whom th' Almighty loves,
He calls with early mandate to himſelf. A.

MRS. LORTON was a lady of a good family; ſhe had been well educated, and her mind took a religious turn; but her piety was neither auſtere, gloomy, nor enthuſiaſtic: it was of an unaffected and moſt amiable caſt, and was far from ſouring her temper, or depreſſing her ſpirits, although it occaſionally checked a little of her natural vivacity. The genuine precepts of the goſpel accorded with the feelings of her tender and benevolent heart; her religion was vital and practical; its ſphere of action was her own houſe, and her own village, or wherever the helpleſs

helpleſs infant, the decrepid labourer, the deſerted orphan, or the forlorn widow required her ready aſſiſtance.

Her goodneſs was active without oſtentation, and unnoticed by the voice of fame, was perceived only in its ſalutary effects. Thus does the ſtream of the valley purſue its ſilent courſe, and imparts it limpid and refreſhing waters to the thirſty ſhepherds and their flocks.

At the village church, where Mrs. Lorton was a conſtant attendant, as long as her health permitted her to appear there, her unaffected and fervent devotion gave a perſuaſive example to her own houſehold, and to the whole pariſh. This publick exerciſe of piety on a Sunday was a certain prelude to the diſcharge of her more active duties on the other days of the week, and her general conduct was a full diſplay of chriſtian excellence. Her example was not diſregarded by any one, and leaſt of all was its effect loſt on Colonel Lorton, who well knowing the ſincerity of her diſpoſition, and the ſtrength of her

her underſtanding, which always gave a right direction to her conduct, loved her the more for her ſerious turn of mind, and was the more ſtrongly inclined to tread the path of religion, from having a perſon ſo ineſtimably dear to him his zealous aſſociate in the performance of its commands.

But their happineſs increaſed by ſuch pure and exalted cauſes was too great to be laſting. The health of Mrs. Lorton, as has been before obſerved, began to fail; a neglected cold brought on a continued fever, which terminated in a rapid decline. The aid of phyſicians and change of air to a milder part of the kingdom were tried in vain: the waters of Briſtol Wells raiſed her hopes of recovery, but afforded no effectual relief. On her return to Lorton houſe, the ſorrowful looks of her family too plainly betrayed their opinion, that the patient ſufferer was far worſe than when ſhe left them, and her own increaſed weakneſs convinced her, that ſhe had reviſited her beloved home, only to bid a laſt farewell to its formerly delightful

lightful ſcenes. The time was now arrived, when ſhe wiſhed more than ever to ſpeak her mind at large upon a ſubject moſt dear to her heart, and ſhe thought herſelf happy almoſt beyond expreſſion, that a ſuſpenſion of pain gave her power to converſe in the following manner:

"The indiſpoſition," ſaid Mrs. Lorton to the Colonel, "that has ſo long afflicted me, gains ſtrength every hour; alas, I fear, my ſtay in this world will be very ſhort."

"Take comfort," ſaid the Colonel, tenderly embracing her.

"For your ſake I wiſh to live," continued Mrs. Lorton, with greater emotion, and increaſed difficulty of utterance: "and for the ſake of that dear child now playing in the room, unconſcious of her mother's feeble ſtate; but not on my own account, for in ſuch an illneſs as mine, extended life will only be extended miſery; my feelings too plainly tell me what will ſoon happen—the Father of mercies will ſhortly take me to himſelf.

himſelf. I pray that you may have the conſolations of his grace, to enable you to bear our ſeparation!"

Here ſhe pauſed, being exhauſted by the great exertion ſhe had made to ſpeak; and after a ſhort interval of ſilence, interrupted by the ſighs of the Colonel, and his ſiſter, Mrs. Lorton riſing ſuperior to her own ſufferings, and living as ſhe had always done for the good of others, thus in a more feeble tone proceeded:—

"To cloſe my eyes on the light of the ſun, to behold no more the ſweet proſpects that formerly gave me ſuch delight; to be ſeparated from my huſband, my child, and my ſiſter, is affliction inexpreſſible; but although it is the will of the Almighty that I muſt ſhortly leave you, I am perſuaded we ſhall meet again in heaven, to part no more. To your eſpecial care I commend Emily, the darling, the ſole pledge of our love. It is my ardent, my anxious wiſh, that you and her aunt ſhould undertake the charge of her education.

education. Let it be your delight, as it would have been mine, to exercife a conſtant care over her; to check every diſpoſition to anger, vanity, pride, and ill-nature; teach her to love truth, and to hate falſhood and deceit; educate her not merely as a being born to exiſt for a few ſhort years in this vain world, but as one whoſe greateſt and beſt intereſt, even that of her precious and immortal ſoul is placed beyond the grave."

She ceaſed, unable to ſay more; for her ſhort interval of eaſe was like the lively but fleeting gleam of an expiring taper. The fluſh of fever glowing upon her face as ſhe was ſpeaking, gradually faded away, ſhe turned pale, and cloſed her languid eyes; and while the Colonel and his ſiſter hung over her in ſilent anguiſh, ſhe ſunk down feeble and oppreſſed by the ſleep of death.

The Colonel ſtood liſtening as if he ſtill heard that voice, which had for ſo many years been the voice of his comfort, peace, and joy. Tears of agony ſtarted from his

eyes,

eyes, as he retired from the chamber, leading out his child and sister; his grief was silent and deep, he treasured every word of his departed wife in his memory, and how far he complied with the tenour of her last request, the following narrative will prove.

CHAP. III.

Delightful taſk to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to ſhoot,
To pour the freſh inſtruction o'er the mind,
To breathe th' enlivening ſpirit, and to fix
The generous purpoſe in the glowing breaſt.
THOMSON'S SPRING.

THE paternal eſtate of Colonel Lorton conſiſted of a conſiderable portion of land, chiefly extending along the borders of Keſwick Lake. The beauties of the country, as well as his fondneſs for agricultural purſuits, were no ſmall inducements to him to ſettle there. He had found the dwelling houſe and other buildings in ſo ruinous a condition, when he firſt ſucceeded to the property, and the land required ſo much expenſe for draining, and bringing it into proper cultivation, that he was obliged to borrow a conſiderable ſum

ſum of money from Mrs. Wilſon, a diſtant relation to Mrs. Lorton. He had lived ſo much in the buſtle of the world, that retirement furniſhed him with the moſt gratifying ſources of enjoyment; with his ſequeſtered reſidence he aſſociated the painfully pleaſing remembrance of his departed wife, and here he thought he could beſt attend to a concern, *now* the only one dear to his heart—the education of EMILY his only child, his beloved daughter.

To this object he devoted a large portion of his time, and the beſt efforts of his diligence and care. Whatever his own obſervations and experience did not afford, he was reſolved to ſupply by all the aids that able inſtructors, friends, and books could give. He had never wholly laid aſide his claſſical ſtudies, and he was a proficient in the beſt modern languages, and thus he was qualified to examine every author likely to aſſiſt him for the execution of his pleaſing but arduous taſk.

He

He thought that Rouſſeau's plan of education, founded as it is upon no good principle, can be conducive to no good end. It ſhows great ignorance of human nature, becauſe it is evident if a child is left to the unreſtrained exerciſe of its own caprice and paſſions, it is likely to be more wild and miſchievous than any other young animal. Colonel Lorton rejecting without heſitation all ſuch fanciful ſchemes of education, conſidered moral diſcipline as eſſentially conducive to the right conduct of the human mind, and he was firmly perſuaded that this moral diſcipline ought to be enforced by all the powerful and ſalutary aids which Chriſtianity can ſupply; he therefore began at a very early period of her life to inſtil into the tender mind of his daughter the important truths of revelation.

Equally in compliance with Mrs. Lorton's laſt requeſt, and from his own conviction of its reaſonableneſs, he was determined to make the education of his daughter *domeſtic*, for as girls are deſigned by nature for retired life,

life, and boys for public ſituations in the world, he thought their early habits and inſtructions ought to be adapted to their reſpective deſtinations.

He derived conſiderable aſſiſtance in the execution of his plans from his ſiſter Mrs. Mapleton, who had reſided with him for ſome time before the death of Mrs. Lorton. Mrs. Mapleton's temper was gentle, and her underſtanding excellent; ſhe loved Emily, and was beloved by her; ſhe viewed with delight the expanding powers of her niece's mind, and was eager to contribute all ſhe could towards her improvements.

The time ſet apart for Emily's inſtruction was divided into equal portions, during which ſhe alternately attended her aunt and her father. The former taught her to read, write, uſe her needle, and play on the forte piano; the latter gave her leſſons in grammar, arithmetic, French, geography, and drawing. The whole buſineſs was conducted with ſpirit and cheerfulneſs; the leſſons were rather frequent than long, ſo as not to be fatiguing

fatiguing to the Scholar, nor interfering with the other occupations of the teachers.

The mind of Emily was ſharpened by this quick alternation of ſtudy and repoſe; and as no ſeverity was neceſſary, ſhe did not learn to connect the idea of books with hardſhip, but ran to them with as much pleaſure, as to her other ſources of amuſement and paſtime. Although never harſhly reſtrained, ſhe was kept in a conſtant ſtate of control and dependence upon the will of her father and aunt; whatever indulgence ſhe was allowed was the reward of her good behaviour only, not a conceſſion to her tears, entreaties, or blandiſhments: no fault was ſuffered to paſs unnoticed, and ſhe was ſeldom praiſed in her own hearing. A gentle and a ſteady curb was kept upon her temper and diſpoſition; and ſhe felt the happy effects of this mild and prudent diſcipline, throughout the whole courſe of her life.

CHAP. IV.

——— ——— ——— For ſeveral virtues
Have I lik'd ſeveral women, never any,
With ſo full ſoul, but ſome defect in her,
Did quarrel with the nobleſt grace ſhe ow'd,
And put it to the foil.——But you, O you,
So perfect and ſo peerleſs are created,
Of every creature's beſt!

The TEMPEST.

COLONEL LORTON procured for his daughter a companion of her own age, whoſe name was Fanny Flowerdale, the youngeſt child of a virtuous family in the next village. Fanny was a girl of a ſweet and gentle temper, and Emily ſoon liked her ſo well, that far from treating her with unkindneſs or caprice, and obliging her to act the part of a timid and artful

artful attendant, ſhe conſidered her as intruſted to her protection, and behaved to her rather as a relative, than a miſtreſs. She endeavoured to teach Fanny every one of her own leſſons, ſo that as ſoon as ſhe had been inſtructed by her aunt to ſpell a hard word, or repeat one of Watts's hymns, or had finiſhed a taſk of writing or arithmetic, ſhe was always anxious for Fanny to attempt to do the ſame. She had great pleaſure in acting the part of the governeſs, and Fanny thought it an honour to be her ſcholar. Mrs. Mapleton encouraged this practice of her niece, as ſhe ſaw it was greatly conducive to her improvement, and ſhortened her own labour of inſtruction; being well convinced of what may appear to be a paradox, *that it is an excellent method of underſtanding any thing perfectly, after you have gained a proper knowledge of its principles, to become a teacher of it yourſelf.*

Fanny Flowerdale, ſo far from abuſing the indulgence ſhowed her by the family, conſcious of her humble rank in life, always behaved as a dependant upon their bounty.

She eſcaped much of the jealouſy likely to be attached to the favourite of her young miſtreſs by the ſervants, as ſhe conducted herſelf towards them all in an obliging and unaſſuming manner.

Improved by the example of her aunt, as well as by her inſtructions, Emily derived from her the moſt uſeful habits of activity and diligence. She learned to be a great economiſt of her time, particularly by acquiring an extraordinary quickneſs in dreſſing; but her appearance was always neat and pleaſing, and ſimplicity was the characteriſtic of her attire. Her diſpatch in dreſſing was promoted by her father's impatience to have her as much in his preſence as poſſible, and was confirmed into a conſtant practice by her ſolicitude to be punctual upon all occaſions. Among her other uſeful acquirements ſhe excelled in all kinds of needlework. She occaſionally ſuperintended the domeſtic concerns of the family, perfectly learned from her aunt what the duty of the ſervants was, and commended and valued them, not merely

for their attention to herſelf, but becauſe they were honeſt, faithful, and diligent.

Her relaxations from ſtudy conſiſted in little excurſions with her father or her aunt into the neighbouring villages. Often in purſuit of Fanny, with her cheeks glowing with exerciſe, and her heart bounding with joy, ſhe ran round the lawn with the ſpeed of an Atalanta. In the winter ſhe fed the red-breaſts that every morning flew to her window; in the ſpring ſhe watched the firſt opening of the ſnow-drop, crocus, and prim-roſe, and enjoyed the ſongs of the various birds that frequented the plantations. She was ſurprized that the boys of the village could be ſo cruel as to rob the ſweet warblers of their eggs, and even of their young.

A neſt of young linnets was given to her; ſhe placed them in a cage, and fed them every day with the greateſt care, till they were ſufficiently grown to fly: ſhe then conſulted with Fanny what ſhould be done with them. Fanny wiſhed them to be kept priſoners, for the pleaſure of continuing to

feed

feed them, and hear them ſing in the cage. Emily urged, that it was cruel to confine them, as they would be much happier in their native fields. When her father told her ſhe might diſpoſe of them as ſhe pleaſed, ſhe inſtantly ran with the cage into the garden, and opened the door. It would be difficult to deſcribe her joy, and how much ſhe laughed and danced with delight, when ſhe ſaw all the young linnets wing their way over the lawn, and eſcape to the woods.

When Emily had reached her ſeventeenth year, ſhe began to accompany her father in his viſits to the neighbouring families, and diſplaying at this intereſting ſeaſon of life the bloom of her charms, ſhe became an object of regard and love wherever ſhe went. In ſtature ſhe was rather above the middle ſize, her features were delicate and regular, her fine and full auburn locks ſhaded her face, her complexion was fair, her cheeks were tinged with the roſes of health, and her dark bright eyes beamed with ſoft and benignant luſtre.

No

No one who is ſuſceptible of the enjoyment of ſweet ſounds can be indifferent to the voice of female youth and ſimplicity. The voice of Emily was melodious and ſoft; her manner of ſpeaking was ſometimes ſo plaintive and tender as to border upon melancholy, particularly when ſhe talked earneſtly upon any ſubject: her tone was capable of thoſe fine modulations, which under the direction of a ſkilful maſter would have rendered her an accompliſhed ſinger.

The mind of Emily was no leſs bountifully gifted by nature than her perſon: her memory was retentive, and her lively imagination was regulated by an accurate judgment: ſhe had an eager deſire for every kind of uſeful knowledge, and her curioſity was always directed to proper objects of inquiry. In mixed parties ſhe talked little; her remarks were ſhort and pertinent, and often ſhowed a degree of propriety beyond her years. Her temper was ſweet and ingenuous, ſhe admired in others the frankneſs which marked her own diſpoſition; her great

diffi-

diffidence induced her to think humbly of herſelf, and highly of others: ſhe attributed every attention paid to her to the indulgence of her friends, and never to her own merit.

Gentle as the dove was Emily, and ſo eaſily affected that a harſh word failed not to bedew her eyes with tears. If the malevolent ever made any remarks upon her, for the flies will ſometimes fix upon the faireſt fruits, they muſt have been wholly unmerited, as it was her conſtant endeavour to give pleaſure, and communicate kindneſs by every word and action of her life: her heart was as enlarged as it was warm and ſincere; ſhe wiſhed to ſhare the ſorrows, and increaſe the happineſs of all within the circle of her ſociety, and her benevolence was extended to every creature.

Affability and ſweetneſs ſhone in her eyes, and gave the livelieſt animation to her face: when her looks were grave and ſerious, ſhe commanded that attention from her admirers which might occaſionally wander to other objects, but it was impoſſible not to have that attention

attention fixed exclusively upon herself, by the fascination of her smiles.

Such beauty, much as it may be heightened by vivacity, cannot be complete without sentiment: to see it then exerting all its power, we must have beheld Emily bending in patient sufferance under pain, sympathising in the generous solicitudes of friendship, or warmed with the soft transports of filial affection.

Unhappily for her, many of the occurrences of her future life gave too much scope for the trial of her sensibility!

The power of affection is the greatest when it has few objects to fix upon; it is then like the rays of the sun brought to a focus, the stronger for being concentered. Emily was fond of her aunt and her companion, but she loved her father with a kind of enthusiasm. As she grew up to the age of reflection, she saw she owed every thing to his kindness—her subsistence, many of her instructions, and even many of her amusements. As often as he embraced her with a warm exclamation,

exclamation, "How exactly you reſemble your mother!" there was a conflict between grief and joy depictured in his countenance—grief for the loſs of an invaluable wife, and joy, that the child ſhe had bequeathed to his eſpecial care was the image no leſs of her ſweetneſs of diſpoſition, than of the beauty of her perſon.

To teach Emily to ſpeak and write her own language correctly and elegantly—to form proper and edifying notions of the Chriſtian Religion and its divine Author, and to fix her mind upon the beautiful and ſublime works of creation, were the leading topics of her father's inſtructions. They became at various times the ſubjects of the following Converſations.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

THE ADVANTAGES OF A KNOWLEDGE OF ENGLISH GRAMMAR.

CONVERSATION I.

AFTER Emily had carefully gone through the moſt important parts of *Lindley Murray's Engliſh Grammar*, and tranſcribed many of its rules, her father had the following converſation with her upon the ſubject.

Emily. As you are ſo kind as to teach me Grammar, I hope you will tell me the uſe of it.

Colonel Lorton. The knowledge of Grammar will enable you to ſpeak and write in a proper manner. This knowledge marks the diſtinction between the well informed and the illiterate, and is the certain proof of a polite education.

Emily.

Emily. What is the meaning of *Orthography*, the firſt part of Grammar?

Colonel Lorton. It is the method of ſpelling with correctneſs. Faults in ſpelling are deemed inexcuſable in perſons who have had a good education. Accuracy in this reſpect, it is true, will not entitle you to praiſe, but it will ſecure you from blame. Faults may be avoided by conſulting a ſpelling dictionary, and you had much better take the trouble of turning over a few leaves to find a word, than expoſe yourſelf to the cenſure or the ridicule of your correſpondents. The dictionary of Dr. Johnſon is the beſt in our language. You have the octavo edition, which is an abridgment of the original work, and is very convenient for a lady's uſe. You will find it of great ſervice in the definitions, that is, in explaining the meaning of words.

Emily. Does Dr. Johnſon always follow the ſame rule in ſpelling?

Colonel Lorton. He ſpelled many words riginally derived from Latin like the French becauſe it was his opinion, that we took them from

from the latter language; for example, he wrote *favour* and *honour*, and yet he always ſpelled *author* without an *u*. He wrote *in*quire not *en*quire, and yet he recommends *en*tire from the French entier, inſtead of *in*tire from the Latin word *integer*. The preſent mode of ſpelling requires us to omit the *u* in all words of more than two ſyllables, as in ambaſſad*or*, govern*or*, protect*or*, &c.

E. I am at a loſs how to ſpell words that are ſometimes ended with *k*, and ſometimes without it.

C. Dr. Johnſon preſerves, I believe always, the mode of ending ſuch words as muſic, critic, ruſtic, and proſaic, with a *k*. One who doubts of every thing muſt ſurely be a very ſtrange being; and how unpleaſing to the eye does the word appear which expreſſes theſe ideas, when repreſented thus—*Skeptick*—ſuch is Dr. Johnſon's manner of ſpelling it in his Dictionary. Partiality to this letter exiſts no longer, though we retain it indeed in *ſtick*, and its compounds candle-

ſtick,

ſtick, &c. and in words of one ſyllable, as in ſick, &c.

E. What is the meaning of *Etymology*, the ſecond part of Grammar?

C. It treats of the different kinds of words, and the words from which others are derived.

E. What is its uſe?

C. Without ſome knowledge of Etymology, you will be liable to make frequent, and ſometimes ridiculous miſtakes, by uſing one word inſtead of another which reſembles it. This was the caſe with the perſon, who after having ſeen an *obeliſk*, which means a pillar, ſaid he had ſeen a *baſiliſk*, which means a ſnake; and complained that he was confined to a ſtrict *regiment*, which means a number of ſoldiers under a colonel, inſtead of *regimen*, which means a manner of living according to rule.

E. I believe the words Orthography and Etymology are derived from the Greek; is our language derived from others as well as Greek?

C. Yes, for we have words derived from

Latin, German, Italian, and French. You may recollect ſome inſtances of the truth of this obſervation as far as French and Italian are concerned; and you may rely on the aſſurance, that many of our words of two or more ſyllables are derived from Latin or Greek. This is more particularly the caſe with reſpect to the terms of ſcience.

E. Are there not many words in our language that have the ſame meaning?

C. No, very few. Grammar is very uſeful in teaching the diſtinctions which ſubſiſt between words, and you will find few in any language that are ſtrictly ſynonymous, that is, that have exactly the ſame meaning. They may indeed agree in expreſſing one principal idea, but they differ in ſome particulars, and the more you can diſcover this difference, the greater progreſs you will make in knowledge, and the more accurately you will expreſs yourſelf; and you will have the ſame advantage over a perſon who confounds the diſtinctions of words, that a painter has who inſtantly diſcovers the different ſhades of colours,

lours, which eſcape the notice of the careleſs ſpectator.

E. Pray tell me what is the difference between *pride* and *vanity?*

C. A proud man values himſelf for things comparatively great, ſuch as his antient family, title, or property. A vain man for little things, ſuch as his dreſs, his liveries, &c.

E. I heard you ſay the other day you were *ſurprized* and *aſtoniſhed;* could you not as properly have ſaid you were *amazed* and *confounded?*

C. By no means: I am ſurprized at what is new or unexpected, I am aſtoniſhed at what is great, I am amazed at what I cannot underſtand, and I am confounded with what is frightful.

Some very common words cannot be uſed for others without impropriety: for example, the verb to *learn*, inſtead of the verb to *teach*. If I ſay, I will learn you a leſſon, I expreſs myſelf improperly, for I ought to uſe the word *teach*. In order to ſee the diſtinction, recollect

recollect, that the *maſter* teaches, and the *ſcholar* learns. Similar is the miſtake with reſpect to the verbs *lay* and *lie*. To lie has a variety of ſenſes; the prevailing one is, to reſt, as in bed; to lay, is *to cauſe to lie*. The accuracy of the Scripture language may lead you to ſee clearly the diſtinction here pointed out. The ruler of the ſynagogue, mentioned by St. Mark, ſaid to our Saviour, "My little daughter *lieth* at the point of death, I pray thee come and *lay* thy hands upon her, that ſhe may be healed."

Take care you do not confound *ingenious* with *ingenuous*, as the former means ſkilful; for inſtance, we ſay, "an ingenious artiſt;" the latter means open, or candid, as we ſay, "a perſon of an ingenuous diſpoſition." Preſerve the diſtinction between to *ſit* and to *ſet;* for example, "I ſit in a chair, the gardener ſets plants in the garden." Never uſe the preſent tenſe of the verb to *ſhew* for the paſt tenſe. You may ſee the diſtinctions

this verb requires in the following ſentence. "I *ſhew* you my book to-day, as you *ſhewed* yours to me yeſterday; but it was not *ſhewn* to me before." It is become more the cuſtom of late to uſe the verb to *ſhow* the paſt tenſe *ſhowed*, and the paſſive participle *ſhown*.

Counſel is advice, *council* is an aſſembly of perſons; *preſident* is a perſon who has the chief authority, a *precedent* is an example: *principal*, an adjective, means the chief, *principle* a ſubſtantive, means a conſtituent part.

Remember my Emily, that thinking as well as expreſſing our thoughts, is the property of a rational being. Be careful therefore neither to talk nor to write without reflecting on the true meaning of your words, leſt the volubility of the tongue, or the rapidity of the pen ſhould betray you into miſtakes.

E. I think I know the accidence, which you and my aunt taught me was the third

third part of grammar, and included all the different parts of ſpeech; but pray explain to me what is meant by Syntax?

C. Accidence treats of ſingle words, and Syntax of the right arrangement of words in a ſentence. Syntax conſiſts of two parts, concord and government.

E. What is concord?

C. It is the agreement of one word with another, in gender, number, caſe, and perſon.

E. How many concords are there?

C. Three. The firſt concord conſiſts in making the verb agree with its nominative caſe in number and perſon, as "I love." The ſecond conſiſts in making the adjective, whether a noun, pronoun, or participle agree with its ſubſtantive in caſe, gender, and number, as "the *ſwift* flight of *winged* time." The third conſiſts in making the relative agree with its antecedent in gender, number, and perſon, as "the man is bleſſed *who* fears the Lord: *whom* the Lord loveth, he chaſteneth."

E. What is government?

C. It is that power which one part of ſpeech has over another, in determining its particular number, gender, caſe, perſon, mood, or tenſe.

The chief object of ſyntax is to teach due method, in writing or ſpeaking, and method is not leſs an advantage than an ornament to whatever ſubject it is applied:

"Thus uſeful arms in magazines we place,
All rang'd in order, and diſpos'd with grace;
But leſs to pleaſe the eye, than arm the hand,
Still fit for uſe, and ready at command.

POPE.

E. How can I learn to read well?

C. By pronouncing every word diſtinctly, attending to your ſtops, or pauſes; by laying a proper emphaſis, and reading in a proper tone.

E. How do ſtops mark the different parts of time?

C. The Comma repreſents the ſhorteſt pauſe, the Semi-colon is double that of the comma;

comma; the Colon double that of the ſemi-colon; and the Period double that of the Colon.

E. What is emphaſis?

C. It is a ſtronger expreſſion of the voice, by which we diſtinguiſh ſome word or words in a ſentence from all the others, ſo as beſt to convey the writer's meaning.

E. What is the beſt general rule for reading?

C. That which was given by Dean Swift; I hope you will never forget it:

> Learn to read ſlow; all other graces
> Will follow in their proper places.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

THE RELIGIOUS PRINCIPLE OF A CHRISTIAN.

CONVERSATION II.

THE application of Colonel Lorton to religious ſtudies, was encouraged, as has been before hinted, by his deſire to gain ſuch information as would enable him to give to his daughter proper notions of her duty. If the extent to which he carried his reſearches, as will be ſhown in the following converſations, and his acquaintance with the Holy Scriptures be thought extraordinary for a *layman*, let it be conſidered, that other perſons have made farther advances in the ſtudy of religion, who were more engaged in the active and more public buſineſs of the world, than

than the Colonel. The works of Addiſon on the general ſubjects of Chriſtianity, of Nelſon on the Feſtivals, of George Lord Lyttelton on the Converſion of St. Paul, of Weſt on the Reſurrection, of Waldo on the Sacrament, and Burgh on the Trinity, have done honour to the pens and the piety of laymen. Colonel Lorton well acquainted with all theſe excellent works, was encouraged by ſuch examples, to make ſimilar attainments, but for a different purpoſe; he had no ambition indeed to give public proofs of his zeal in the beſt of all cauſes, but he was actuated by motives truly amiable and praiſeworthy—a ſenſe of duty to his daughter; and that duty preſſing more ſtrongly upon his mind, from the conſtant recollection of her mother's final and moſt earneſt requeſt.

When we are viſiting the cottages in the village, ſaid Emily to her father, it makes me ſorry to hear the peaſants complain ſo much; and even among perſons of better condition, there ſeems to be a great deal of

diſcontent. What is the reaſon, mankind are not happier than they are?

C. Becauſe they are not better; their vices and irregularities are the chief cauſes of their miſery.

E. How could they become better?

C. By being better Chriſtians.

E. What can make men ſo?

C. The practice of what they profeſs to believe; a life paſſed in the diligent diſcharge of their reſpective duties, whether they relate to God, their neighbour, or themſelves, *that the good tree may be known by its fruits*, and their faith in our bleſſed Saviour may be known by their works: this is the conduct which proceeds from truly chriſtian principles.

E. What is a principle?

C. It ſometimes means a conſtituent part of any thing, but I now uſe the word to ſignify a reaſon or ground for action.

E. Why do you think the principle of a Chriſtian ſo excellent?

C. Becauſe

C. Becauſe it is agreeable to the will of God, and is a certain rule to which we can refer our thoughts, words, and actions. It is the only ſafe guide to conduct us through life with a good conſcience.

E. Pray tell me what will be my advantage in this world to be a good chriſtian?

C. The practice of the chriſtian virtues, ſuch as faith, temperance, charity, patience, produces health of body and peace of mind, the love and reſpect of all whoſe good opinion is truly valuable; and our holy religion gives too in every ſituation of live; even the moſt painful and diſtreſſing, the greateſt encouragement to HOPE, the ſweeteſt cordial of the human breaſt.

E. What expectations are raiſed by this hope?

C. That God approves, and will reward a life conducive to his honour, and devoted to his ſervice: that for the good Chriſtian are prepared heaven and a crown of glory, the company of the angels, and ſaints—the preſence of God, *at whoſe right hand there are*

are pleaſures for evermore, ſurpaſſing all our preſent ideas of enjoyment, for they are ſuch *as eye hath not ſeen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive.*

Suppoſe there were perſons, my Emily, ſo weak or ſo wicked as to baniſh from their minds ſuch hopes of future happineſs as theſe, I am firmly perſuaded that no means can be found ſo effectual to reconcile the evils, and calm the ſorrows of life. Suppoſe ſuch perſons were to fall into diſtreſs, to be reduced very low in their circumſtances, to be deprived by death of their neareſt relations and moſt intimate friends, any or all of which events may happen in the courſe of human life, to what could they look for comfort? To the reſources of their own minds? Alas! they would rather ſupply new ſubjects for regret and lamentation, from the melancholy reflection that their pleaſures were gone to return no more. Would they look to the world for compaſſion? The world is a flatterer, which only worſhips the riſing ſun, pays

pays its homage to the proſperous and gay, and abandons the mourner to the unrelieved indulgence of ſighs and tears. In ſuch a ſituation as this, high is the value, and great the power of our holy religion, and the moſt compoſed, reſigned, and dignified ſufferers are thoſe, who are ſupported by its conſolations. And that a Chriſtian finds ſubſtantial comfort in the moſt trying of all ſituations, in his laſt ſickneſs, and the hour of death, has been proved by witneſſes of the ſolemn ſcene. He looks forward to his future untried ſtate of being with pious confidence in the merits of his Redeemer; his thoughts are full of immortality; faith ſupports his mind, and enables him to pierce the gathering ſhades of death—It ſhows him his Saviour ready to receive him—he dies, and goes to heaven.

E. You remind me of a paſſage you read the other day to my aunt and me, relative to the death of Mr. Addiſon.

C. Your hint is much to the purpoſe. When that excellent author and amiable man

man was near his end, he requeſted Lord Warwick, a thoughtleſs and irregular youth, to approach his bed, and, graſping his hand, bade him obſerve with what calm reſignation and firm hope a Chriſtian could leave the world.

"He taught us how to live, and O too high
The price for knowledge! taught us how to die."

You may likewiſe remark the other paſſages we read in Lindley Murray's "Power of Religion" that related to Lady Jane Grey, Lady Rachel Ruſſel, and Mrs. Rowe. They were all true Chriſtians, and were ſupported by the aid of that Religion, which they had made the guide of their lives.

E. What is the advantage to perſons in high life and to the rich of being good Chriſtians?

C. Our Religion renders them more conſiderate, and leſs proud and preſumptuous than they would otherwiſe be. They are expreſsly informed from the higheſt authority, that *God is no reſpecter of perſons*—that

that he *reſiſteth the proud*, and they are cautioned not to be *high-minded*, but to *condeſcend to men of low eſtate*. And they are warned *not to truſt in uncertain riches*, but to lay up treaſures in heaven.

E. How is Chriſtianity uſeful to the poor?

C. That the poor do not poſſeſs a larger ſhare of the comforts of life is, in ſome caſes, owing to their idleneſs, or extravagance. Yet of much comfort and much enjoyment they muſt unavoidably be deprived. What then can ſo amply ſupply their wants, and adminiſter to their relief, as the conſolations of Religion? Wretched indeed would many of them be, and partial would appear the ways of Providence, if all *their* proſpects were bounded by the grave, and they could extend their hopes no farther than the green turf, which "in many a mouldering heap" diſtinguiſhes our village church-yard. But they are inſtructed by their ſpiritual teachers to look forward to a better and happier world, where there will be no want, and no diſtinction

diſtinction but in virtue; where *all tears will be wiped from all eyes*, and the voice of Penury will be heard no more! It is this hope which enables the inhabitant of the cottage to endure his earthly diſtreſs with patience, and to eat the bread earned by his daily toil with thankfulneſs; to contemplate his own condition with content, and to look without envy upon his wealthy neighbours.

E. If it be deſirable to be good Chriſtians ourſelves, is it not equally ſo that our friends ſhould reſemble us?

C. Certainly; for who are the friends you would truſt in the moſt important concerns of life? Upon whoſe honour and promiſes would you place entire dependence? Surely not upon thoſe perſons who are known to act from ſelfiſh motives only, nor upon thoſe who although they are thought to have great knowledge of the world, have nothing elſe to recommend them to our eſteem. But do we not prefer truſting, without heſitation, ourſelves and our affairs to thoſe who *fear God, and keep his commandments*, and whoſe actions

tions are the fruits of a religious education?

E. How is Chriſtianity uſeful in promoting the ends of education?

C. No part of the ſyſtem of education can be properly carried on without obedience to parents, and there is only one firm baſis, for that obedience to reſt upon. If children are taught from their earlieſt age to worſhip their great Creator, to pray to him as the Author and Giver of all good; and if they are aſſured, that he has commanded them to *honour their parents*; their obedience is then, and only then, founded upon the firmeſt ground. If it be not thus fixed, they muſt be preſerved in their ſubmiſſion, either by the authority of parents, which is frequently defective; or by their own inclination, which is ſometimes perverſe, and often changing.

E. As ſuch are the benefits of a religious education, I rejoice to think I have been piouſly brought up; but how am I to act when I go into the world? I have heard you and my aunt complain of the many bad perſons

ſons who are to be found there, and you have told me the reigning purſuits are wealth and pleaſure. I am afraid I ſhall be miſled by bad examples, and ſo hurried away by a love of pleaſure, as to forget my duty. To continue a good Chriſtian, muſt I not renounce all amuſements and gaiety, and live a life of ſelf-denial—if ſo, had I not better paſs all my life at home, and not go at all into the world?

C. Miſtake not ſo much the nature of our holy Religion. It requires you neither to imitate the ſolitary hermit, nor the cloiſtered nun. If it was not founded upon a ſocial principle, how could its rules be practiſed? Our Saviour lived in ſociety, and intended his followers to do ſo likewiſe. A ſtate of ſolitude is inconſiſtent with the duties of huſbands, wives, parents, children, and neighbours—duties which form the main ſubjects of chriſtian morality.

An inſpired apoſtle adviſes us to *uſe the world as not abuſing it*, and how can we uſe it at all, if from miſtaken or contracted no-

tions

tions of religious obligation, we were to desert that post of duty, which those very obligations, rightly understood, require us to maintain.

Christianity is not designed to destroy, but to regulate our desires—not to lessen, but to increase our real pleasures: it warns us indeed not to pursue them too eagerly. It confines us to that moderation, which is the essence of rational enjoyment. It makes the things of this world subject to us, instead of our being subject to them: it gives Reason and Conscience their just controul over the passions; and while it allows us proper liberty of action, it guards us against those follies, vices, and crimes, which are the certain and fatal effects of unrestrained indulgence.

Your situation, like that of every other young person just going to enter into the world, is, I confess, not without its difficulties—but it cannot be otherwise, as life is a scene of trial and probation for every son and daughter of Adam. Virtue can only shine in exertion, and the crown of glory cannot

be obtained if we decline the neceſſary conteſt. Avail yourſelf of all the aids which Reaſon and Religion ſupply to overcome temptation, and ſtrengthen your good reſolutions. Often read the Holy Scriptures, and take every proper method to underſtand their meaning. Have frequent recourſe to prayer, both in public and private: aſk devoutly for the aid of Divine Grace "to further you with continual help." Seek a pleaſure in doing your duty, and you may depend upon me you will find it, for the ways of Religion *are ways of pleaſantneſs, and all her paths are peace.* Often think on the juſt views which the Scriptures give of our mortal ſtate—that we are *ſtrangers and pilgrims*—that this world, expoſed as it is to the ravages of time, and the inroads of decay, is not our *continuing city*—that we *ſeek one to come*, which will aſſuredly be permanent and everlaſting, becauſe its *builder and maker is God.*

You know, my deareſt Emily, that I receive a very great pleaſure in ſeeing you dreſſed

dreſſed with neatneſs and taſte; but very culpable indeed ſhould I think myſelf, if, while I am attending to the ornaments of your perſon, I forget thoſe which are proper for your mind. The ornament of all the moſt deſirable and the moſt valuable is ſound religious principle; it is the richeſt jewel you can poſſeſs; it is neither ſubject to the decay of age, nor the changes of faſhion, but riſes in value by length of time; its beauty will never be impaired; it is bright and moſt becoming in this world, and will ſhine with increaſing luſtre throughout all eternity.

CHAP. VII.

THE EXAMPLE AND INSTRUCTIONS OF OUR BLESSED SAVIOUR.

CONVERSATION III.

E. I HAVE often heard you ſay that many pictures upon ſacred ſubjects, executed by the beſt maſters, are well calculated to confirm religious impreſſions. Which do you think gives the moſt lively idea of any action of our bleſſed Saviour's life?

C. I never read that gracious and affectionate invitation, *Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of ſuch is the kingdom of heaven,* without recollecting a picture by Rubens in the

the Duke of Marlborough's collection at Blenheim.

E. Pray give me a particular deſcription of the ſubject of that picture.

C. The ſubject is our Saviour bleſſing the children. The painter has repreſented the ſcene with admirable effect; the principal figures are our Lord, a father and mother, and their children of different ages. The countenance of our Saviour is expreſſive of dignity, ſoftened by the mildeſt benevolence: he lays his hand upon the head of the eldeſt child, whoſe eyes are downcaſt, and his hands are claſped together as in devout reverence: another little boy ſtands eager to take his brother's place, and expreſſes impatience mixed with ſweet timidity; and a third young child is liſtening attentively to the bleſſing pronounced by our Saviour. The father of the children, a manly figure, appears much pleaſed; and pious gratitude and heartfelt delight animate the features of the mother. If the painter intended to convey a complete idea of the amiable condeſcenſion

deſcenſion of our Lord, he could not, I think, have effected his purpoſe in a happier manner. Take notice, my Emily, this *Condeſcenſion* is the firſt excellence to be obſerved and admired in our bleſſed Saviour; it flowed from his infinite love to mankind, and it appeared in every part of his conduct in completing the great work of our redemption.

E. Did not our bleſſed Lord with the ſame condeſcenſion inſtruct all perſons without regard to their rank or ſituation in life?

C. He diſplayed the power of divine truth and the moſt profound knowledge of Scripture in his converſations with the haughty Prieſts, the learned Scribes, the hypocritical Phariſees, and the infidel Sadducees. He laboured to convince them of their prejudices, to remove their errors by the ſoundeſt arguments, and to enlighten their minds with the knowledge of his ſublime doctrines. With Publicans, that is, with tax-gatherers, and even with Sinners, he converſed, in order to produce their reformation; and to the capacities of the mean and illiterate, the peaſants

of

of Galilee, and the populace of Jeruſalem, he adapted his heavenly precepts. *He preached to the poor*, and deſired his followers to *ſuffer the little children to come unto him*, as thinking them not beneath his attention and care. His inſtructions were addreſſed to all perſons without exception, whenever ignorance was to be removed, and ſouls were to be ſaved.

E. Did not our Lord *act* as well as *teach* in the very beſt manner?

C. He did. What rendered him ſo extraordinary, and raiſed him ſo far above other teachers, was, that he was a perfect model of conſiſtency. His conduct was the exact copy of his inſtructions. He preſented to the world that lively image of moral perfection, which Plato, one of the celebrated philoſophers of antient Greece, ſaid if it could be made viſible to man, would excite the moſt aſtoniſhing love of wiſdom.

With reſpect to his inſtructions, the ſtriking alluſions by which he illuſtrated, and the very impreſſive manner in which he inculcated them,

them, not only rendered him ſuperior to all other teachers; but in order to unite the beſt example with the pureſt precepts, he was the unerring guide to all that was truly good, and all that was really noble and praiſe-worthy; to ſuch a degree of perfection indeed, that you may be aſſured his character is without an equal in the hiſtory of mankind.

E. Is there any part of his inſtructions to which you wiſh to guide my particular attention?

C. Yes, to *the Diſcourſe on the Mount*, as recorded in the Goſpel of St. Matthew; for I conſider it as a ſummary of chriſtian morality ſtated with all clearneſs, and recommended with all authority. Our bleſſed Saviour teaches us in this firſt and beſt of ſermons, that the divine bleſſing will attend the meek, the pure in heart, and the compaſſionate—thoſe who are eager for ſpiritual improvement, and thoſe who ſuffer for their adherence to his ſervice. He inſtructs us that his is a RELIGION OF THE HEART, intended to regulate all its movements; its genuine

nuine fruits are acts of unoſtentatious piety to God, and unfeigned benevolence to man. Convinced of the uncertain nature of worldly poſſeſſions, it is our beſt intereſt to lay up treaſures in heaven, and diſmiſſing too much anxiety to procure the comforts of life, we ought to place a firm reliance on the Divine Providence for the ſupply of our future wants. As a tree is known by the quality of its fruit, ſo is our chriſtian profeſſion brought to the teſt by our actions: if it be founded upon ſolid principles, we ſhall be able to reſiſt the attacks of perſecution and temptation with as much firmneſs, as a houſe built on a rock withſtands the violent winds, the beating rains, and the ruſhing torrents.

E. Does not the Sermon on the Mount include the *Lord's Prayer?*

C. I am much pleaſed with you for recollecting ſo important a particular, and I hope you will never repeat the Lord's Prayer with levity or haſte, or without carefully attending to its full ſcope and meaning. It is replete with piety, wiſdom, humility, and charity, that

that I cannot hesitate to pronounce it the essence of all devotion. Such is the admirable selection of topics, that it is truly worthy of its divine author, and considering by *whom* it was composed, it must be the most acceptable sacrifice of supplication, that can be offered by mortal man to the throne of grace.

Thus are we best instructed in what manner to worship in "spirit and in truth" the great Author and Disposer of our being, whom we are allowed, with the affectionate reverence of dutiful children, to address with the endearing name of "our Father:"—we render to him the honour and praise due to his adorable name; we express an ardent desire that his holy will may be executed on earth by men, with the same cheerful obedience, as it is by the angels in heaven; and that his spiritual reign over the hearts of all men may soon be established: we ask for the supply of our daily wants, and entreat the pardon of our offences, upon the only condition on which he is pleased to grant it—

a con-

a condition full of mercy to mankind, and redounding to the endleſs glory of God. And as the *forgiveneſs of injuries* is one of the leading features of the goſpel diſpenſation, our Lord made a particular comment upon it, at the cloſe of this ſhorteſt and beſt of prayers.

E. Our Saviour had a particular method of inſtructing his hearers by parables, tell me what is a parable?

C. A parable is a ſhort ſtory, in which the actions and converſations of men are deſcribed, with a view to convey a moral leſſon.

E. Why did our Saviour ſpeak ſo often in parables?

C. Becauſe it is a much more lively method of inſtruction, and excites more attention, than giving advice in plain terms.

E. With which of the parables of our Lord are you moſt pleaſed?

C. With that of the *Prodigal Son.* It teaches us a leſſon of all the moſt welcome and delightful: it ſets before us the unbounded

bounded love of God to contrite ſinners, illuſtrated by the cordial reception given by an affectionate father to a ſon, who after a courſe of extravagance and vice, returns to him a ſincere penitent. *I will ariſe and go to my father, and will ſay unto him, Father, I have ſinned againſt heaven, and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy ſon.——When he was yet a great way off, his father ſaw him, and had compaſſion on him, and ran and fell on his neck, and kiſſed him, and ſaid to his ſervants, Bring forth the beſt robe, and put it on him, and ſhoes on his feet, and bring hither the fatted calf, and kill it, and let us eat and be merry; for this my ſon was dead, and is alive, he was loſt, and is found.*

I am aware how I injure the effect of this fine picture of paternal love, by only ſhowing you ſome detached parts; but I wiſh to point out the principal incident—the father utters no reproaches; the voice of nature ſpeaks in his actions, and they are the actions of tenderneſs and love.

E. Have

E. Have I not heard you often expreſs your admiration of the parable of the *Good Samaritan?*

C. How can I ſay too much in its praiſe, as the leſſon of duty it inculcates is ſo congenial with the moſt generous and noble feelings of our hearts? It inſtructs us in the nature of chriſtian charity, which knows no diſtinctions of neighbourhood, kindred, or country, but extends its offices to the whole race of human beings.

An unfortunate traveller, a Jew by nation, is aſſaulted by robbers; they plunder and wound him; two of his countrymen, a Prieſt and a Levite, who, by reaſon of their ſacred profeſſion, were bound to pay more than common attention to ſuch an object of diſtreſs, paſs by him either with indifference or contempt. A Samaritan, a perſon who might be ſuppoſed likely to diſregard the wounded traveller on account of the general averſion of his nation to the Jews, *came where he was, and when he ſaw him had compaſſion on him, and went to him, and bound up his wounds, and ſat him*

him on his own beaſt, and brought him to an inn, and took care of him; and on the morrow, when he departed, he gave money to the hoſt, and ſaid, Take care of him, and whatſoever thou ſpendeſt more, when I come again I will repay thee.

Theſe two parables do more than inſtruct the underſtanding, they excite our beſt and ſweeteſt affections. What writer, either of antient or modern times, ever produced any ſtories ſo uſeful in the application, ſo beautiful in the circumſtances, or ſo pathetic in the incidents! Well has it been obſerved, that our bleſſed Saviour underſtood human nature far better than Socrates, the wiſeſt of the heathen philoſophers; our divine Maſter amends the heart by awakening its fineſt feelings, and while he conveys the moſt uſeful truths to the underſtanding,

"Opes the ſacred ſource of ſympathetic tears."

I may obſerve in general with reſpect to the moral inſtructions given to us by our wiſeſt and beſt Teacher, whether they appear in the

plain dreſs of direct advice, or are adorned with the beautiful ornaments of parable, that they are ſuited to all the various conditions, abilities, and attainments of mankind—to the ſimple peaſant and to the profound ſcholar—they are as well adapted to the labourer in our fields, as to the monarch on his throne.

I could purſue this ſubject in terms of more profuſe commendation—but vain are my weak efforts to add to its excellence; as well might I attempt to add perfume to the violet, or beauty to the colour of the roſe.

E. Shall I not form a very contracted, or rather a very wrong notion of our Saviour, if I conſider him as a mere human being?

C. To raiſe your mind to a more becoming notion of our Saviour's dignity, ever regard him as the *Son of God.* He exiſted from all eternity, before the world was created, inveſted with the ſame power, and crowned with the ſame glory as the Father and the Holy Ghoſt. His coming in the fleſh was foretold by a long ſucceſſion of inſpired prophets

phets from age to age. When he left the realms of glory to take our nature upon him, his birth was announced by a chorus of angels; at his baptism the Holy Spirit descended upon him, and a voice from heaven announced him to the astonished multitudes as *the beloved Son* of the Most High. Upon the holy mountain, in the presence of chosen disciples, he reassumed his glorified appearance; he exercised the attributes of almighty power; he knew the thoughts and the hearts of men; he worked the most astonishing miracles; at his command the sea was calmed, and the dead were raised. When he expired upon the cross, all nature sympathized with him; the sun was darkened, and the rocks were torn asunder. On the exact day predicted by himself, he arose triumphant from the tomb; and he finally ascended into heaven, and *sat down on the right hand of the majesty on high*, from whence he will hereafter come, attended by hosts of angels, to judge all the inhabitants of the universe.

Such was the adorable person who deigned

to

to take our nature upon him, ſubmitted to be laid in a manger, to endure the greateſt hardſhips of life, *was deſpiſed and rejected, a man of ſorrows, and acquainted with grief;* ſo deſtitute of all worldly conveniencies, that he had not *where to lay his head*, he patiently witneſſed the ingratitude of his countrymen, and the perfidy of one of his diſciples who betrayed him; he was falſely accuſed, and unjuſtly condemned to a moſt painful and diſgraceful death, even *the death of the croſs;* and to all this privation of heavenly glory and endurance of human miſery he ſubmitted with conſummate patience, in order to reſcue us from the divine diſpleaſure by his death, and purchaſe for us the kingdom of heaven by his merits.

E. I have with pleaſure noticed in the goſpel hiſtory inſtances of our Lord's condeſcenſion to the female ſex, are there many ſuch examples?

C. There are—at the ſuggeſtion of his mother, the Virgin Mary, he performed his firſt miracle at a marriage feaſt: he con-

verſed with the woman of Samaria in a moſt gracious manner reſpecting her own affairs, and his divine miſſion. Struck with the pertinent reply and lively faith of the female ſufferer who had an iſſue of blood for many years, he inſtantly cured her. He raiſed the ſon of the widow to life, and healed St. Peter's mother of a fever. *Daughters of Jeruſalem, weep not for me, but for yourſelves, and your children,* was his affectionate addreſs, when he wiſhed to divert their attention from his own afflictions, to the impending deſtruction of their native city. Martha and Mary ſhared his friendſhip with their brother Lazarus. At his crucifixion he committed the Virgin Mary to the care of St. John, his beloved diſciple, and to Mary Magdalene he firſt appeared, after he roſe from the dead.

Your ſex are under peculiar obligations to their bleſſed Saviour, becauſe he raiſed the female character to a degree of importance, which it had never before attained, and ſhowed that women are as capable of moral

moral improvement and its eternal rewards as men. The delicacy of their feelings, and their capacity for religious impreſſions, prepare them well for the exerciſe of all goſpel virtues, particularly of piety, charity, patience, meekneſs, and reſignation. From motives of love and gratitude approve yourſelf worthy of the honour conferred on your ſex by your bleſſed Lord: follow the example of the pious Mary; like her liſten to his inſtructions before all other ſubjects; let your admiration of his divine nature and perfect example, add ſtrength to your faith, and ardour to your obedience; and thus chooſe *that good part*, which amid all the changes of this mortal life, you may reſt aſſured, *ſhall not be taken away from you.*

"O wonderful love! O unexampled goodneſs!" exclaimed Emily, "what ought not Chriſtians to do in the ſervice of their Saviour, who has done and ſuffered ſo much for them! Surely his very great condeſcenſion and love ought ever to warm our hearts with gratitude, and prompt us to obey his

ſacred commands with the greateſt pleaſure. Aſſiſt me, I conjure you, deareſt father, to be a zealous follower of our bleſſed Lord, that I may reach the heaven where he now reigns, and unite with the holy angels in ſinging his everlaſting praiſes."

Here Emily pauſed—her mind was filled with the ſublime ſubjects of devotion, obedience, and eternal happineſs. Religion began to exert its mild and ſalutary power over her, to mingle with her affections, to elevate her deſires, and convey a pure and intellectual tranſport to her tender and ſuſceptible breaſt.

Her father could read in her expreſſive eyes and countenance what was paſſing in her mind; he did not interrupt her eloquent ſilence, but left her to meditate upon the very ſerious and impreſſive topics of their converſation.

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

ON THE STUDY OF GEOGRAPHY.

CONVERSATION IV.

A PARTY was one day assembled at Lorton House, and the taking of *Surinam* from the Dutch was the subject of conversation. Some of the company pretended they knew a great deal of the place. One said that it was in a cold country, another that it was at no great distance from England; and a third, probably mistaking it for Sumatra, confidently asserted that it was an island. A question arose in what quarter of the globe it was situated—one said it was in Europe,

Europe, another contended for Aſia, and a third was as confident for Africa.

Colonel Lorton produced a map of the world, and all thoſe who had talked ſo plauſibly were equally at a loſs where to look for Surinam. At laſt they determined to refer to Mrs. Mapleton, whoſe obſervations were at firſt diſregarded amid the clamour of theſe confident pretenders to knowledge. As ſoon as the map was laid before her, without the leaſt heſitation ſhe pointed out the place. "There it is," ſaid ſhe, "not far from the line, and of courſe the climate muſt be very hot. It is a part of Guiana, ſituated upon the coaſt of South America; and as to its diſtance from England, if we were to ſail two thouſand miles towards it, I am afraid we ſhould ſtill have many more to go, before we arrived there."

When the viſitors were gone, the Colonel aſked Emily, which of the company had talked upon the ſubject in the beſt manner.

E. My aunt, without doubt, becauſe ſhe gave information to all the reſt.

C. Then

C. Then from this inſtance you may judge how deſirable it is to be furniſhed with ſuch very uſeful knowledge as Geography can give.

E. But I fear I ſhall ſoon grow tired of the ſtudy, ſhould it all relate to ſubjects that have ſuch hard names as *axis*, *arctic*, and *antarctic circles*, *equator*, and *ecliptic*.

C. By the explanations I have given you of theſe terms, I hope you ſee clearly that they belong to the artificial globe, and are chiefly uſed becauſe they are neceſſary to explain the motion of the earth revolving round the ſun: when you come to conſider the natural globe of the world as compoſed of earth and water, and its diviſions, you will examine objects as they really exiſt: the ideas which they preſent are natural and obvious, and therefore will be more eaſy for you to underſtand and remember.

E. As it is not probable I ſhall ever extend my travels beyond my native iſland, what is the uſe of gaining a knowledge of foreign countries?

C. The

C. The place of your reſidence can be no objection to the acquirement of ſuch information as may be in any degree either uſeful, or ornamental. Of all branches of knowledge there are few more uſeful than Geography. A liberal education is very incomplete without it. Young perſons ſhould be inſtructed in it, that they may form proper notions of the globe they inhabit, of the relative ſituations of different countries, and their ſoils and productions. It gives them a proſpect of the various inhabitants of the world, and thus gratifies their curioſity with pleaſing ſubjects, all tending to ſhow the great variety of nature in the works of creation, and the different conditions of mankind advancing from ſavage life, as among the Hottentots at the Cape of Good Hope—to civiliſed ſociety, as it is diſplayed in the moſt refined nations in Europe.

You will find, too, that Geography is connected with many other kinds of knowledge, for inſtance with natural hiſtory, and the manners and cuſtoms of different nations—

ſubjects

subjects you are very fond of hearing me talk of.

E. When you taught me the divisions of the globe into land and water, there were a few I did not clearly understand: what is an *Isthmus?*

C. It is a narrow neck of land, which joins a peninsula to a continent. Observe in the map, the isthmus of Suez joins Africa to Europe, and the isthmus of Darien joins North to South America.

E. What is the difference between an *Ocean* and a *Sea?*

C. The former is a large body of salt water, bounded by some of the larger divisions of the earth: the latter is a smaller body of salt water communicating with the ocean by a straight, as the Baltic, the Mediterranean, and the Euxine seas. There are three principal Oceans—the Atlantic, the Pacific, and the Indian.

Your curiosity to learn Geography will be increased by your observing, that we have many articles of provision, furniture, dress and ornament

ornament connected with the knowledge of other countries, and which we ſhould enjoy more perfectly, and value more highly, if we conſidered with what labour they are procured, and from what diſtant places they are brought.

Take for example the mahogany breakfaſt table, and its appendages; the tea, the coffee, the ſugar, the cups, and ſaucers, the tea-ſpoons, and the mahogany table itſelf.

E. I know already, that tea grows in China, and that theſe cups and ſaucers were made there of a fine ſort of clay called porcelain; coffee is brought from Turkey, and the Weſt-Indies; ſugar is made from the ſugar-cane, which grows in Jamaica, and other iſlands in the Weſt Indies; but pray inform me where the mahogany tree grows?

C. That which is of an inferior kind grows in Honduras, a province of Mexico, in North America; that which is of a finer grain, and is uſed for elegant cabinet-work, grows in Jamaica. A mahogany tree ſometimes reaches the height of eighty feet: this

wood

wood among its other excellent properties ſeldom rots, and is never eaten by the worms.

E. You mentioned dreſs, as being connected with a knowledge of geography, I know that my muſlin and callico gowns are made of cotton—but what is *cotton?*

C. It is the fruit of the cotton ſhrub, which grows in China, the Eaſt and Weſt Indies, and on the weſtern coaſt of Africa, the fineſt ſort is brought from Bengal, and the coaſt of Coromandel. The cotton ſhrub which is propagated by ſeed, grows about two feet high, and bears yellow or red flowers: each flower is ſucceeded by a ſmall button, the ſize of a nut, which when ripe opens in three places, and diſcloſes three or four foldings of beautifully white cotton; this is carefully gathered, carded, and ſpun, and wove into calicoes for the dreſſes of the natives. It ſerves to furniſh the clothing to the inhabitants of warm climates, as the fleeces of ſheep do to thoſe of the cold ones. An immenſe quantity is ſent to England and Scotland. You have heard of the curious

mills

mills at Nottingham, Manchester, and other places, where the cotton is spun in so much perfection by means of machinery. It is afterwards manufactured into muslins, calicoes, shawls, &c.

E. Where is *gold* found?

C. Gold is found chiefly in the Brasils, Africa, and Hungary. Some has been lately discovered in the county of Wicklow in Ireland, where a very large piece of native gold was discovered; it weighed twenty-two ounces, and was almost pure. Gold is generally found in grains, called gold-dust, in the beds of torrents, or mixed with the sand of rivers, that flow down the mountains. The Portuguese employ many slaves to search for this precious metal in the mountains near Rio de Janeiro in the Brasils; and it is computed that the quantity exported from thence to Europe does not amount to less than the value of two millions per annum. Gold is the heaviest of the metals except platina, and the most ductile.

E. What is meant by *ductile?*

C. Easy

C. Eaſy to be drawn out in length; a ſingle grain of pure gold may be beaten out to a ſurface of fifty ſquare inches. An ounce of gold may be beaten into ſixteen hundred leaves, each three inches ſquare, and thus extended it takes up more than 159,000 times its original ſurface.

E. Where is ſilver found?

C. In no place is a greater quantity found than in the mountain of Potoſi, which is ſituated in the province of Peru, in South America, near a town of the ſame name. All the country belongs to the Spaniards. Accident led to the diſcovery of the precious metal which this mountain contains. An Indian, whoſe name was Hualpa, purſued ſome wild goats up the mountain, and coming to a very ſteep part took hold of a ſhrub, in order to aſſiſt him in climbing, but the ſhrub not being ſtrong enough to ſupport his weight, came up by the roots, and diſcovered to his aſtoniſhed eyes a maſs of bright ſilver, and ſome lumps of the ſame metal among the clods that adhered to the roots.

The

The delighted Indian haſtened home with his treaſure, waſhed it, exchanged it for various articles of dreſs and furniture, and when he wanted more, repaired to the ſame ſpot in the mountain for a ſupply. At length a friend obſerving the happy change in his circumſtances, importuned Hualpa till he at laſt revealed the ſecret to him. For ſome time they repaired together to the mountain, and obtained abundant ſupplies till on Hualpa refuſing to tell the method by which he purified the metal, his faithleſs friend revealed the ſecret to his maſter Villaroel, a Spaniard. From that time, the year 1545, the mine was worked for the Spaniſh government.

E. What a great advantage it would be, if the Engliſh were in poſſeſſion of places that produce gold and ſilver!

C. By no means. The more of the precious metals people poſſeſs, the more luxuries they can purchaſe, and the greater their luxuries the more proud and inactive they become. This is the caſe with the Spaniards,

liards, who are maſters of the treaſures of the new world: in proportion as the precious metals are multiplied, the lower they ſink in value. For example, if it was the cuſtom to make the common kitchen utenſils of gold and ſilver, we ſhould not value them more than we do thoſe, which are now made of tin and braſs.

E. You have been kind enough to promiſe me my mother's diamond ear-rings: pray tell me where *diamonds* are found?

C. They are chiefly found in the rocky hills and mountains in the kingdom of Golconda, which is ſituated upon the bay of Bengal in the Eaſt Indies. They are likewiſe diſcovered in the iſland of Borneo, and in the Braſils. They are found in a rough ſtate, not very deep in the earth. The earth, which is of a yellowiſh colour, is brought out of the mines, and put into a ciſtern, and water is poured in to diſſolve it. The diamond-diggers ſtir it about, and the lighter part is carried off through an aperture of the veſſel with the foul water.

They

They continue waſhing, till what is left in the ciſtern is clean, and then in the middle of the day, when the ſun ſhines bright, they carefully look over all the ſand, and no diamonds can eſcape their obſervation, as even the ſmalleſt gives a bright reflection of the ſun.

E. Where does the *pine-apple* grow wild?

C. In many parts of Aſia, and in the ſouthern parts of North America; and in the iſland of Java is found great abundance of that delicious fruit. It grows too in ſeveral of the Weſt India iſlands, but I have heard it obſerved, that in point of flavour, it is not equal to thoſe raiſed in the hot houſes in England.

E. From what places are gold and ſilver fiſhes brought; we never find any in our lakes or rivers.

C. Theſe moſt brilliant of the finny race are brought from the rivers of China: nature ſeems to have laviſhed all her bounty upon

upon their ſcales, for they are eſteemed but indifferent food.

E. I think the moſt beautiful birds are the *Birds of Paradiſe*, and the *Humming Birds*. Of what countries are they natives?

C. Birds of Paradiſe are natives of Ternate, one of the Moluccas or Spice iſlands in the Indian Ocean. They are very gentle, as well as beautiful, and can be taught to ſing, and imitate the human voice. The humming bird, the ſmalleſt of the feathered race, is a native of Surinam. It flies with great rapidity, and its gay colours glitter in the ſun; it lives like a bee, by ſucking honey from the flowers. You examined thoſe you ſaw at Croſthwaite's Muſeum ſo minutely, the laſt time we were at Keſwick, that I need not give you any farther deſcription.

E. I was much pleaſed with the ſtory you told me of *Omai*, who was brought to England by Captain Cook from Otaheite: pray tell me where is Otaheite?

C. It is one in a cluſter of iſlands near the tropic of Capricorn in the Southern Pacific Ocean. The inhabitants are very handſome and civilized. They are remarkable for their ingenuity, as they can make various kinds of dreſſes and ornaments without needles, knives, or ſcizzars; they can hew ſtone, fell timber, build houſes, and canoes, without iron tools. For iron they ſubſtitute hard wood, and fiſhes bones: their baſkets and fiſhing lines and nets are finiſhed with as much neatneſs, as they can be made in Europe. Poſſibly you may be pleaſed to hear of another curious place, which Captain Cook viſited—I mean Kamtſchatka.

E. What a hard name! pray tell me where it is?

C. It lies in the Northern Pacific Ocean, and is ſubject to the Emperor of Ruſſia. The climate is intenſely cold. For nine months in the year the dreary reign of winter continues. The inhabitants live almoſt intirely upon fiſh, which they catch and cure during their ſhort ſummer: in the winter they

they retreat to houſes under ground, which will contain ſeveral families. When they travel, they are wrapped up in furrs, and are drawn on ſledges by large rough-coated dogs, trained for the purpoſe, and harneſſed like horſes: theſe ſagacious animals draw their maſters with great ſwiftneſs over the ſmooth ſurface of the frozen ſnow. When Captain Cook dined with the governor of this comfortleſs, but not inhoſpitable region, he ſaw Engliſh knives and forks upon the table,—a circumſtance which gave him a pleaſing remembrance of his native country; and which ſhows to what remote places articles manufactured in England are conveyed.

E. How very curious and entertaining this account is! but although I ſhould like to ride on a ſledge, I think it would be very unpleaſant to ſtay long in ſo cold a country. I ſuppoſe the climate of the torrid zone is exactly in the oppoſite extreme. Inform me what countries are placed in that hot ſituation?

C. One of the principal is Guinea, upon the weſtern coaſt of Africa. The natives called negroes are completely black; the heat of the weather is intenſe: the periodical rains render the climate very unwholeſome, yet in defiance of theſe obſtacles to their enterprizing or avaritious ſpirit, hither the Europeans, particularly the Engliſh, French, and Dutch reſort, to purchaſe ivory, gold duſt, and wretched ſlaves, who are torn from their deareſt connections and native land, to work in the plantations in the Weſt Indies. In Guinea, froſt and ſnow are unknown. Lilies, tulips, tuberoſes, and hyacinths of exquiſite fragrance grow wild in the woods; but it is dangerous to ſearch for them, as theſe woods are infeſted by lions, tigers, leopards, and ſnakes.

E. How happy are we who live in England, where we are neither expoſed to the ſcorching heat of Guinea, nor the piercing cold of Kamtſchatka.

C. Our climate is remarkable for its agreeable

agreeable temperature. It has been juſtly obſerved, that there are few days in the year ſo bad or inclement, that we cannot continue in the open air for ſome hours at leaſt, without inconvenience. What though Ceylon may boaſt her groves of cinnamon, though the trees of Arabia may diſtil the moſt aromatic gums, and the orange trees may bend with golden fruit upon the banks of the Tagus, yet we are enabled to enjoy all theſe productions by means of our widely-extended commerce, without being expoſed to the inconveniences of the climates where they grow. And this leads me to make what may be called the *moral* or *patriotic* application of the ſtudy of geography more immediately to ourſelves; for the more we know of other countries, the more we ſhall be induced to ſet a proper value upon our own.

When you read an account of rude and uncivilized nations, ſuch as the Negroes and Indians, who have the faces and forms of men united with much of the ſavage diſpoſition

ſition of the lions and tigers of their native woods, you muſt be ſenſible of the advantages you enjoy in a country, which is improved by civiliſation, and refined by the elegant arts.

And when you are informed of the Chineſe, a people both wiſe and ingenious, yet ſuperſtitious, and given to idolatry; or of the Turks, who follow the errors of Mahomet their falſe Prophet, how happy ought you to think yourſelf that you are a native of a country enlightened by divine truth, and bleſſed with the knowledge of the chriſtian religion.

E. As I have every reaſon to love my native country, I wiſh to know more concerning it; that is, to be acquainted with its moſt remarkable places, and whatever is curious in them. I have heard you talk of London, Mancheſter, and Liverpool, and other cities of great note, and of ſome counties too in the eaſtern parts of the kingdom, where the ſurface of the ground is almoſt as level as our lakes, and where paſtures and corn-

cornfields are extended without a ſingle mountain for many miles together.

C. I ſuppoſe you allude to Lincolnſhire, Norfolk, and Suffolk. Books of Geography can give you ample information upon theſe ſubjects in addition to what they can teach you relative to foreign countries.

E. With what pleaſure ſhall I attend to Geography in future, if you will be ſo kind as to continue to give me leſſons! I now begin to ſee my error; that which I once thought a dry ſtudy, you have convinced me is extremely pleaſant and entertaining.

C. I am very glad I have brought you to change your opinion, and make this confeſſion. The mode we will in future adopt, ſhall be ſuch, as I am perſuaded, will increaſe your love of geography. As you are fond of drawing, you may turn your pencil to a good uſe; you ſhall fill up the outlines of the elegant maps I have purchaſed for you: they are *Patteſon*'s maps juſt ſent me from London. This practice of copying maps will render your ideas of the relative ſituations

ſituations and extent of countries much clearer than mere deſcriptions of them. As you are juſtly ſo fond of your native country, you ſhall copy the map of Great Britain firſt, then each quarter of the globe, and then the complete map of the world.

In the intervals of this pleaſing exerciſe of your pencil, you ſhall read the deſcriptions of the various manners and cuſtoms, which mark the natives of different nations, and here ſecurely by our own fire ſide extend your thoughts to the moſt diſtant parts of the globe.

> While fancy like the finger of a clock,
> Runs the great circuit; and is ſtill at home.
>
> COWPER.

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

THE BEAUTIES OF A FLOWER GARDEN.

CONVERSATION V.

In a delightful morning, during the hotteſt part of the ſummer, Emily and her father walked early in the garden. The dew-drops of night ſtill hung glittering on every leaf and bloſſom, the flowers perfumed the air with their fragrance, and the birds with various notes were ſaluting the return of day. They congratulated each other on this early enjoyment of the beauties around them, in which a few hours would make a great alteration; for they well knew, that as ſoon as the ſun was riſen higher,

higher, his potent influence would be felt by the earth and its productions, the flowers would begin to decline their heads, much of their ſweets would be exhaled, and inſtead of remaining in the open part of the garden, where theſe early riſers were then walking, they muſt ſeek a refuge from the fervid rays under the thick umbrage of the wood, or in the cool retreat of the hermitage.

" Obſerve, my dear," ſaid the Colonel to Emily, " the beauties of nature diſplayed before you: I truſt you do not merely throw a tranſient glance upon them, but are inclined to regard them with attention; that while the inſpection and the perfume of flowers regale your ſenſes, the reflections they ſuggeſt may improve your mind.

" What a ſcene of ſweet tranquillity is opened by the view of a garden! It is a retreat from the hurry of buſineſs, and the clamour of crowds; the various and gay objects it preſents are calculated to diffuſe a ſoft complacency over the mind, and to in-

ſpire

ſpire it with cheerfulneſs. In a garden, ſome of the wiſeſt and beſt of men have ſought and found the trueſt enjoyment of themſelves, and in Paradiſe, which means a garden, our firſt parents, while pure and innocent, ſhared that delight, which made of earth a heaven."

"Your praiſe of a garden, cannot, I think," ſaid Emily, "be better applied than to our own at this ſeaſon. The gardener has followed your directions very exactly; we have here every kind of flower the ſoil will admit growing in theſe borders, and in no ſummer did I ever ſee them blooming in greater beauty, or profuſion.

C. One of the moſt ſtriking characteriſtics of flowers is their *variety*. They ſhow the hand of a conſummate deſigner, who requires not to have recourſe to the repetition of the ſame effort to prove his ſkill. There is diverſity in them without confuſion, and elegance without ſameneſs: they diſplay a fertility of invention in their plan, and a delicacy of pencilling in their execution, which may excite wonder, but defy imitation.

E. The

E. The colours of flowers are as pleaſing to the eye as their variety; how rich, how lively they are!

C. The colours of ſome flowers are ſtrong, others are faint; ſome are ſpotted, others are ſtriped, but whether their tints are blended together, or are diſtinct and contraſted, they are ſo diſtributed, as to delight the beholder. There is a ſtile of colouring apparent in them, which ſhows the excellency of Nature in theſe moſt tender of her works. In point of richneſs and livelineſs, theſe colours can only be compared to the tranſient tints given to the clouds by the morning and evening ſun, or the plumage which adorns the peacock and the pheaſant. What are the fineſt colours of the painter, what thoſe of the richeſt Gobelin or Bruſſels tapeſtry, compared to thoſe of Nature! Van Huyſum muſt drop his pencil, and Miſs Linwood her needle, and confeſs the inability of art to produce an adequate imitation of nature. Place a flower by the ſide of its moſt admired

copy,

copy, and you will inſtantly diſcover the wide difference between them.

——————— Who can paint
Like Nature? Can Imagination boaſt
Amid its gay creation, hues like her's?
Or can it mix them with that matchleſs ſkill,
And loſe them in each other, as appears
In every bud that blows?———————

Obſerve with particular attention the calyx or cup, and the leaves on the ſtalks of flowers, and you will ſee that they both contribute to heighten the luſtre of the gay colours of the petals by a contraſt with the green; this effect would not be produced, if the petals of flowers were green, as well as the leaves, which I believe is very rarely the caſe.

E. How delicious is the fragrance of roſes, and yet how much it differs from that of other flowers?

C. The ſweets exhaled from the roſe, the violet, and the carnation, are common ſubjects of praiſe. They are diſtributed in ſuch nice

nice proportions as neither to tantalize the ſenſe by their ſcantineſs, nor ſurfeit it by their exceſs. With reſpect to the time, when they are diffuſed in ſuch a manner as to be moſt gratifying, does not kind Nature ſeem, as it were, to conſult our convenience? If you wiſh to ſeek health in your early walk, and inhale the balmy breezes of the morn, then the roſe and the jeſſamine emit their choiceſt ſweets: if you enjoy the coolneſs of the evening air, peculiar fragrance is then breathed from the tuberoſe, the jonquil, the honeyſuckle, the night flowering catch-fly, *ſilene noctiflora*, and the campion cuckow flower, *lychnis veſpertina*. I introduce to your notice theſe Latin names, as they are uſed in botany, that you may early be accuſtomed to them.

E. I ſee a pleaſing variety in all the works of nature with which I am acquainted: it prevails in the different kinds of birds, beaſts, and fiſhes, and ſeems to extend to flowers.

C. It certainly does; it is obſervable in

their forms and figures; each is of a size best adapted to the proportion of the respective parts, from the towering sun-flower and hollyhock to the humble violet and lily of the valley. Some flowers swell into a cup, others hang as a bell; some are expanded into a flat surface, others are grouped in a cluster. The flowers placed upon different stalks assume different attitudes; no two of them hang exactly in the same position, yet each is pendant with a grace peculiar to itself, and you may trace the line of beauty in them all.

E. I do not think I should be so highly pleased to see all flowers blowing at the same time, as I am with their regular succession.

C. Your remark relates to a subject which shows the wise economy of nature. Flowers are adapted to the different seasons of the year: they are not crowded around us in lavish profusion all at once, but many different species follow each other, from the earliest dawn of spring to the close of autumn.

The

The ſnow-drop, crocus, and aconite, lead the train of Flora; then the ſtock-gilliflower, hyacinth, ſweet-pea, pink, auricula, anemone, lily of the valley, carnation, tulip, ranunculus, jonquil, and others ſucceed. Theſe bloom as the ſummer advances, and the beams of the ſun give more lively and varied colours. Autumn boaſts her gay progeny in ſun-flowers, marigolds, tuberoſes, ſtocks, and aſters, and many others, which ſeem reluctantly to ſurrender their fading petals to the chilling blaſts and froſts of the declining year. Who does not pluck theſe ſucceſſive flowers with delight? What poet from Homer to Darwin has not ſung their praiſe with tranſport, and the pleaſure which the poet takes in deſcribing them, can only yield to that which animates his ſong, when he celebrates the fair who adorns herſelf with them.

E. Do you think that all perſons take as much pleaſure in flowers as we do?

C. As time purſues its courſe, the faſhions of

of mankind vary, and in all human inventions not only novelty but caprice is found to prevail. That this is not the caſe with reſpect to the productions of nature may be proved by the continual fondneſs for flowers in every age and country. It pervades all ranks, from the lady of faſhion, adorned with the coſtly bouquet at Chriſtmas, to the cottage children, who unbidden rove the woods and meadows to gather the primroſes and violets of the ſpring.

E. If I cannot ſee flowers growing in the garden, I have no ſmall pleaſure in ſeeing good imitations of them in cut paper, drawings, or paintings.

C. This is very natural, for of ſuch objects every tolerable reſemblance affords pleaſure. We ſee them repreſented by the architect upon the capitals, cornices, and frieze of buildings: the carver imitates them in the lighter ornaments of wood, where the delicacy of their forms makes amends, in ſome degree, for the want of ſuitable colours. Flowers too give beauty to embroidery, and

the light drapery of the fair borrows elegance from a ſprig of jeſſamine, or a wreath of myrtle. And to prove your fondneſs for imitating flowers, I remember how delighted you were when I firſt gave you a pencil and colours to draw and paint them.

E. Of what particular ſubſtances are flowers made?

C. This is a queſtion, like many others that relate to the works of Nature, not eaſily anſwered. I had once ſome converſation with a chemiſt upon the ſubject. He told me they all conſiſted of the ſame common principles, that is, calcareous earth, oil, water, and air, with a quantity of iron, to which they owe their colours. But he could not inform me how the difference between flowers was produced; this was a ſecret of Nature as unknown to him as to me. He could not inſtruct me in what manner, or in what proportions the earth, air, dews, rains, and the ſun contribute to the formation of vegetables, and aſſiſt their progreſs to maturity. We ſee *effects*, my Emily, but we muſt be content to remain

remain ignorant of *cauſes*, and the ſcientific botaniſt, who can refer every plant to its proper claſs, as well as the illiterate gardener who rears it, muſt be equally loſt in admiration of the myſterious works of God.

E. I obſerve a number of double flowers in the garden; are there none growing wild in the fields?

C. They are only the produce of the rich ſoil of gardens: they become double by change of nouriſhment, and are conſidered merely as the ſports of nature.

E. I am at a loſs to expreſs to you what diſappointment I felt yeſterday morning: I came here intending to pluck a full-blown roſe, and I found half its petals had fallen to the ground.

C. This diſappointment ſuggeſts to me a reflection, which throws a gloom over the gay proſpect of the flower-garden. Beautiful as are the colours of flowers, and delicious as are their perfumes, how tranſient is their exiſtence, meaſured ſometimes by a few days, or weeks at moſt. Reviſit our borders, now

ſo gay with newly-blown flowers, a little time hence; and you will ſeek for them too late. Nor is their mortality the effect of rude blaſts, or of winter, but their fixed period comes, and the pride of the garden is no more.

Thus does the lark ſoar on high to ſalute the ſun with her early ſong; and thus the nightingale, concealed in ſhades, thrills her note through the grove: when their appointed ſeaſon is once paſſed, mute is the melody of the feathered race, and mixed with the duſt of the earth are the ſhort-lived flowers.

I.

SWEET bluſhing Roſe, I mourn'd for thee,
Once pendent from the moſſy thorn,
To think how brief thy deſtiny,
How ſoon thy fading flowers were gone!

II.

Emblem of Beauty's tranſient bloom,
That grac'd my Anna good as fair;
I gave her to the ſilent tomb,
And wiſh'd that ſilent tomb to ſhare.

III. Forgetful,

III.

Forgetful, that the loveliest forms,
Like rainbow colours of the sky,
Bright harbingers of vernal storms,
Shine but to be admir'd, and die.

IV.

Forgetful, that the sovereign Lord,
Who lent her sweets to us below,
Will wake her with his potent word,
And youth unfading will bestow.

V.

On seraphs' wings she will arise,
To join her kindred choir above;
Will bloom an Angel in the skies,
Blest'd with her Saviour's endless love.

The Colonel repeated these lines in a mournful tone, which brought the tears of sorrowful affection into the eyes of Emily, at the remembrance of her mother—the subject of the plaintive and pious strains. After a short pause, she resumed the conversation, wishing to check her father's pursuit of a subject so dear, yet so painful to her own heart as well as to his.

E. I obſerve the ſeeds and roots of flowers are brought from one garden to another; where are they to be found growing wild, and in a perfectly natural ſtate?

C. Flowers are the offspring of various ſoils and climates, and moſt of them were brought from foreign countries, and naturaliſed in England. The auricula is, I believe, a native of Egypt, the pink and the carnation were brought from Italy, the lily from Syria; and your favourite, the common jeſſamine, that climbs up to your chamber window, from the Eaſt Indies. For ſome of the moſt elegant ſpecies of roſes we are indebted to France, North America, the Levant, and China. None of the tulips, and only a few ſpecies of the anemone, are natives of this iſland. Many of the ſtocks are foreigners, ſo are all the paſſion flowers, and many of the violets. The only ſpecies of *Digitalis*, or Fox glove, which is not an exotic, is the *purpurea;* this in the months of June and July is a great ornament to our road-ſides and hedges. The daiſy, *bellis perennis*,

vennis, the dog roſe, *roſa canina*, and the honeyſuckle, *lonicera caprifolium*, the water-lily, *nymphæa alba*, which opens in the morning and cloſes in the evening, are natives of England, and are ſome of the moſt beautiful of our wild flowers.

The poet Cowper obſerves in a line, which, though proſaic, conveys a very juſt remark——

"Who loves a garden, loves a green-houſe too.

And this elegant appendage to a garden owes much of its beauty to the aloe, the myrtle, the cereus, the meſymbrianthemum, and the geranium, which are natives of warmer climates. Of the numerous *ericæ*, or heaths, which faſhion has lately introduced into green-houſes, I believe not more than four are to be found upon our mountains.

E. What is the particular uſe of flowers?

C. To inſpire us with cheerfulneſs, to pleaſe our ſight and ſmell, and more eſpecially to excite our gratitude to the benevolent Giver of all things. Duly impreſſed by ſuch a ſen-

a ſentiment, we ſhall not merely throw a ſuperficial glance upon the objects that ſurround us, but ſhall derive ſome uſeful inſtruction from almoſt every walk we take: even a daiſy or a cowſlip will teach us a moral leſſon;

> This our life exempt from public haunt
> Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
> Sermons in ſtones, and good in every thing.

If the great and wiſe Creator has ſo regarded the lily of the field, that even Solomon, the moſt powerful king of Iſrael, when appearing in his robes of ſtate, was not ſo elegantly dreſſed; how much more, as we are aſſured by our bleſſed Saviour himſelf, will his providential care be extended to us, if we ſtudy to obey his commands?

Theſe remarks I hope will rather excite than ſatisfy your curioſity, as I wiſh you not to reſt contented with a little knowledge as a floriſt, but to aſpire to the more extenſive and ſcientific information of a botaniſt. You are, I hope, eager to paſs beyond the bounds

bounds of the garden, to wander in the more ſpacious and luxuriantly wild garden of Nature: of this pleaſure I promiſe you the full enjoyment: we will range the woods, deſcend into the vales, and climb the mountains together, and I ſhall be happy to ſhow you with what care Nature adapts her produce to various ſoils, and how liberal ſhe is in beſtowing upon this our native county of Cumberland many ſpecies of plants not to be found in the more ſouthern parts of the kingdom.

CHAP. X.

——— ——— Mark the pious prieſt,
Content he treads the path of humble life,
And like the glorious Maſter whom he ſerves,
At once ſupplies the leſſon, and example:
Each word is mildneſs, and each action love;
He forms a train of followers like himſelf,
To ſtrive for crowns immortal. A.

WHAT is truly uſeful and excellent is always prized in proportion to its rarity, and the difficulty of procuring it. To know the juſt value of good neighbours, a perſon muſt reſide in a retired place where few are to be found within the compaſs of ſeveral miles. Colonel Lorton was fortunate in having one neighbour whoſe excellence made him ample amends for the want of more—this was the Reverend Doctor Marriot, the curate of the pariſh.

Doctor

Doctor Marriot had been brought up in the ſevere and hardy ſchool of indigence; and although he had been compelled to ſubmit to many privations of eaſe and luxury, he had formed habits moſt uſeful in life—thoſe of diligence and economy. He was enabled by the kindneſs of ſome friends to finiſh his education at the univerſity, and to obtain holy orders. He married without any proſpect of an income beyond the curacy of the pariſh where he reſided, and a ſcanty ſalary ariſing from one of thoſe ſmall endowed ſchools common in the North of England, to which the village children are ſent for gratuitous education. He was gentle in manners, his eyes beamed with good-nature, and his heart expanded with charity. No ſports of the field, or amuſements at home, ever interrupted the diſcharge of his duties; he inſtructed the young, and he cheered the old; he reconciled thoſe who were at variance; he was the comforter of the ſick, and the friend of the poor. Such conduct endeared him to all who knew him.

him. As he walked through the village he was often greeted with the bleſſings, and always with the grateful ſalutations of all he met.

His ſermons were directed to the moſt uſeful topics of practical religion; they were expreſſed in very plain yet nervous language, and brought home to the feelings of his attentive audience by a peculiar earneſtneſs of manner. Colonel Lorton, who was his conſtant hearer, failed not to derive both from his diſcourſes and converſations, many uſeful hints for the inſtruction of his daughter, of which evident traces are to be found, in the courſe of this work, particularly in his Converſations and Letters to her upon ſubjects of religion.

Doctor Marriot loved ſolitude, and his favourite ſcene of contemplation, whenever he had leiſure, was within his church. There he ſometimes walked till the ſhades of evening cloſed in darkneſs: he paced ſlowly up and down the ſacred place, while the ſilence that reigned around, was interrupted only

by

by the clock ſtriking the hour with ſolemn ſounds, and reminding him that it was time to depart.

His fondneſs for ſuch retirement may be imputed to a romantic, but it was not owing to a melancholy turn of mind. It gave him ſingular pleaſure to ſeclude himſelf where, without interruption, he could purſue the courſe of his own ideas: he was capable in an extraordinary degree of mental exertion and mental abſtraction; yet his meditations were not more ſublime than edifying, for he was fond of ſoaring from reflections on the vanity of all human affairs, and the uncertainty of human life,—topics ſuggeſted by the repoſitories of death around him, to the thoughts of immortality, and the happineſs of heaven.

CHAP.

CHAP XI.

His years but young, but his experience old;
His head unmellow'd, but his judgment ripe;
And in a word, far far behind his worth,
Come all the praiſes that I now beſtow.
He is complete in feature and in mind,
With all good grace to grace a gentleman.

SHAKESPEARE.

EDWARD was the only child of Doctor and Mrs. Marriot, who brought him up tenderly, yet without any improper indulgence. He was handſome in perſon, and engaging in his manners; he poſſeſſed a lively fancy, and a correct judgment, which if they did not conſtitute genius, at leaſt marked an intellect of no common order. His mind was well cultivated by his father, who inſtructed him in the principles of antient learning and ſcience. His temper was mild like that of his father, but his diſpoſition was far more enterprizing.

terprizing. Fond as he was of all rural ſports, he never allowed them to interrupt the courſe of his ſtudies. Where the river foamed and forced its way over the broken fragments of rocks, or formed a deep and ſilent abyſs were his ſtations for fiſhing, often regardleſs of the heavy rains; and he roamed over the mountains, and through the vallies heedleſs of danger or diſtance, in queſt of game. So keen and expert a ſportſman did he become, that he caught many of the fineſt fiſhes of the lakes and rivers, and few birds at which he diſcharged his gun, could eſcape his ſteady aim.

It was the great object of Doctor Marriot's endeavours to give his ſon ſuch an education as to qualify him for the profeſſion of a clergyman, and he practiſed the moſt rigid economy in his own family, in order to afford him the advantage of completing his ſtudies in the univerſity. During Edward's reſidence in college, his frank and ſociable diſpoſition gained him admiſſion into good company, and ſhunning as much

much from inclination as motives of prudence, thoſe intemperate parties which aſſuming the maſk of pleaſure, ultimately expoſe thoughtleſs youths to puniſhment and diſtreſs, he ſought for rational and improving ſociety. To his ſeniors he was reſpectful and attentive, and among his companions a prime favourite, for no one was more cheerful or inoffenſive; no one could ſing a better ſong, or tell a more pleaſant ſtory.

Of all his ſtudies the moſt attractive was hiſtory. The works of the beſt Greek and Roman writers, in which are deſcribed the memorable actions of the heroes of antiquity, he read with great attention. But that branch of biography was his moſt favourite purſuit, which related to the illuſtrious characters of our own country.

Great was the admiration of the conduct of Sir *Philip Sidney*, in the cloſing ſcene of life, when fainting and thirſty, he offered the cup of water brought for himſelf to the dying ſoldier. He lamented the untimely fall

fall of the gallant *Wolfe*, ſlain in the moment of victory; and he mourned the loſs of the humane and adventurous *Howard*, who after traverſing many diſtant parts of the globe to alleviate the ſufferings of priſoners, fell a ſacrifice to his ardent philanthropy. In every ſuch biographic ſcene, fired with the greateſt ardour of youth, he fancied himſelf an actor, and thought the glory of a true heroe cheaply purchaſed at the expenſe of toil and danger, and even of life itſelf. He became impatient to mix in the buſy world, that he might imitate thoſe illuſtrious examples of virtue, he was ever ready to applaud and admire. That theſe fair bloſſoms of his education were matured into the fruits of excellence, the ſubſequent actions of his life will ſufficiently prove.

CHAP. XII.

——— Methinks I feel my heart on fire,
My breaſt is adamant, my thoughts have wings,
To bear me to yon azure fields of heav'n:
Can I not ſeek the eagle in his eyry,
Perch'd on the ſummit of Killarney's craggs;
Or led by pity break the captive's chain,
Who many a year has ſigh'd for native home,
That mock'd his dreams? Such is the wiſh of youth,
Whoſe fancy roams through the wide field of action,
And like the generous courſer ſcorns all bounds,
That ſtop his ſwift career. ——— ——— ——— A.

THE following occurrence which afforded to Edward Marriot an opportunity of beginning his courſe of intrepidity and uſeful exertion, gave a peculiar turn to his mind, and had no ſmall influence on his happineſs.

There was, according to annual cuſtom, a rigatta and boat race upon Keſwick Lake. It was attended by a great concourſe of

ſpectators, and among the company who reſorted thither, were the Lorton and Marriot families. At the ſignal given by firing a gun, a number of boats ſtarted from the ſhore to row around Pocklington Iſland for the prize. The numerous veſſels of different ſizes dreſſed up with coloured ſtreamers and flags, and filled with ladies and gentlemen, variegated the ſurface of the lake, and the daſhing of the oars, and the merriment of the company reſounded on all ſides. Emily Lorton was with a party in one boat, and Edward Marriot not far diſtant in another.

In the afternoon, the weather became unfavourable, the ſun was obſcured, the dark clouds aroſe in threatening array from Borrowdale, the wind ſounded hollow, the mountains were concealed in thick miſts, and the ſcream of the water fowls, the certain indication of an approaching ſtorm, was heard, as they paſſed over in rapid flight. The lake began to riſe in large waves, and ſwelled in violent agitation: the flaſhes of lightening were vivid, and the thunder rolled

in lengthened peals, diſtinctly re-echoed ſeveral times by the mountains, after intervals of awful ſilence.

By ſome unſkilfulneſs, or hurry in the management of the boat, in which Emily was, one ſide was expoſed to the waves, the water ruſhed in full flow, and the boat was upſet. Emily, the only lady on that ſide the boat, gave a loud ſcream as ſhe fell; her terrified companions were wholly occupied in providing for their own ſafety, and waded to the land without regarding the ſinking fair one. But her cries were not uttered in vain; they inſtantly drew the attention of young Marriot to her: he ſprang from his boat into the lake, ſeized the fainting Emily, and with ſome ſlight aſſiſtance from his party, conveyed her to a houſe near the ſhore.

Her ſpirits were violently agitated by this accident, and ſhe was for a ſhort time indiſpoſed. Her thanks to Providence for her eſcape were ardent, and often repeated, and when ſhe thought of her youthful preſerver,

there

there was a ſentiment which mingled with the recollection of his promptitude, courage, and humanity; ſay ye ſagacious Caſuiſts,—ought it to be called eſteem, gratitude, or friendſhip; or can it be beſt expreſſed by the moſt tender and endearing of all appellations?

Nor was young Marriot leſs affected by what had happened. He had always regarded Miſs Lorton with admiration; but on account of the wide difference of their ſituations; himſelf the ſon of an obſcure clergyman, without fortune or preferment; —ſhe the only h'd and heireſs of a diſtinguiſhed officer who prided himſelf upon the antiquity, as well as the property of his family; and more than all theſe conſiderations, when he thought of her perſonal charms and excellent qualities of mind, he regarded her rather as an angel, than a mortal, moving in a ſphere far above ſuch as he could ever aſpire to.

From this time he was requeſted with particular earneſtneſs by Colonel Lorton to

be

be a frequent viſitor at his houſe; and this circumſtance, as it gave him opportunities of converſing with Emily, increaſed the riſing flame of his attachment. When ſhe thanked him for having preſerved her life, the tone of her voice, her grateful manner, and her expreſſive eyes gliſtening with tears, ſo fully convinced him of her ſenſibility, that he thought himſelf ſure of her pity, however he might fail of her love. He encouraged the paſſion, which he dared not to avow; unceaſingly he nouriſhed it with the moſt tender thoughts; and indulged his fancy with the ſweet illuſions natural to a firſt attachment. To enjoy the ſociety of Emily, to ſee her ſmile, to hear her converſe, ſeemed to him the only objects that made his life precious. When abſent from Lorton Vale, he conſidered himſelf as baniſhed from the Garden of Eden; the lovely form of Emily was ever preſent to his mind, and no company, however lively or gay, equalled in his opinion, the luxury of finding out ſome ſolitary place;—the ſhade of a wood, or the banks of a mur-

a murmuring rivulet, and there meditating on her charms.

He often wiſhed himſelf a monarch, that he might have the merit of offering himſelf, and every appendage of royalty to her acceptance: yet ſo humble did he think his actual condition, and ſo trivial his pretenſions to her favour, that he had not the ſlighteſt hope of being entitled to any higher privilege than a ſhare of thoſe ſmiles of affability, and expreſſions of benevolence, which ſhe beſtowed with native goodneſs on all around her.

The families exchanged ſeveral viſits, in the courſe of which the young friends amuſed themſelves and the company, with little concerts. Emily had an excellent ear for muſic, and touched the piano-forte with neatneſs and delicacy of execution; her voice gave the fineſt expreſſion to every note of the compoſer, and was peculiarly ſuited for rapturous piety, and tender ſentiment: her execution of an air of Handel or a Scotch ſong could hardly be ſurpaſſed.

Edward

Edward played on the flute and clarinet, and although he was a ſelf-taught muſician, he managed theſe inſtruments with taſte and ſkill. It was however remarked by the Colonel, that the young friends when playing together, ſeldom kept good time; the truth was, they were thinking too much of each other to do juſtice to their muſic.

A walk in the garden led Edward and Emily to make ſome remarks on the flowers then blooming, in the pride of June. "Of all flowers," ſaid Emily, as Edward plucked and preſented to her a half-blown roſe, "this I moſt admire; its petals are ſo finely formed, its colours are ſo clear, and tender, and its fragrance ſo delicate, I believe it has always been the favourite among all nations, and is carefully reared in almoſt all climates. Does not the lover think he pays his miſtreſs the higheſt compliment by comparing her to the roſe; and does not the poet diſplay his fancy to the greateſt advantage in ſinging its praiſe?"

"You have good reaſons for your partiality,"

tiality," replied Edward; "yet allow me to ſay, I think the violet has nearly equal pretenſions to your regard. The roſe, it is true, glows with the bluſh of beauty, but does not the violet reſemble the azure of the ſky? Suppoſe I had a violet in my hand, and the pretty flower had the gift of ſpeech, and could make you the following addreſs, I hope you would not be diſpleaſed at its requeſt, nor with my changing the language in which it is conveyed; as I muſt confeſs, that for the original thought I am indebted to a French poet."

THE PETITION OF THE VIOLET.

I.

Beneath the friendly hawthorn's ſpray,
A native of the lowly vale,
I baſhful ſhun the eye of day,
And with my breath perfume the gale.

II.

When vernal zephyrs ſoftly riſe,
As you fair maid unconſcious tread,
My ſweets your raptur'd ſenſe ſurprize,
And veiled in leaves betray my head.

III. Like

III.

Like you in modeſt garb attir'd,
A foe to ſhow, and gay parade,
Leſs ſeen, by all the more admir'd,
I flouriſh in the rural ſhade.

IV.

O place me on thy ſnowy breaſt,
Exalted to that throne of love,
The humble violet, ſo bleſs'd,
The proudeſt of the flowers will prove.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIII.

Sometimes the pencil in cool airy halls
Bade the gay bloom of vernal landſcapes riſe,
Or autumn's varied ſhades imbrown the walls;
Now the black tempeſt ſtrikes the aſtoniſh'd eyes,
Now down the ſteep the flaſhing torrent flies;
The trembling ſun now plays o'er ocean blue,
And now rude mountains frown amid the ſkies;
Whate'er Lorraine light touch'd with ſoftening hand,
Or ſavage Roſa daſh'd, or learned Pouſſin drew.

THOMSON's Caſtle of Indolence.

EDWARD was fond of drawing, and his natural genius for that elegant art had been improved by the leſſons of an able teacher. He traced his outlines with a very correct hand, meaſured his diſtances with an accurate eye, took his views with rapidity and exactneſs, and his pencil was frequently employed to delineate the objects of his native ſcenery.

Emily

Emily was delighted with his ſketches, her attention to them was the ſource of new pleaſure, for it gave her a more diſtinct idea of the beauties of nature that ſurrounded her dwelling, and adorned the romantic country, in which it was ſituated. It may be readily imagined, that ſhe did not copy any other drawings with equal ſatisfaction.

When Emily ſhowed her copies to Edward, he was careful to point out their defects, as well as beauties; and ſhe was better ſatisfied with his frankneſs, than ſhe would have been with his flattery: becauſe ſhe was anxious for improvement. He indeed who could recommend his criticiſms by a peculiar ſweetneſs of manner, needed not flatter in order to pleaſe. As ſhe took great pains to excel, ſhe ſoon made an extraordinary progreſs, and was delighted with his praiſe, as ſhe grew more and more conſcious of deſerving it.

"How amuſing," ſaid Emily to Edward, "is the art of drawing! I think I perceive in it peculiar advantages over other accompliſhments:

pliſhments: they require many aids, while this wants very few. Society is indiſpenſably neceſſary for dancing. With regard to muſic, in order to play a tune, I muſt have my forte-piano; but for drawing, I require only a pencil, and a ſheet of paper, which are cheaply purchaſed, eaſily procured, and are eaſily portable, wherever I may go.

"Surely I have reaſon to congratulate myſelf on my ſituation, being ſo favourable to my improvement in drawing, as every walk I take preſents me with the fineſt ſubjects for my pencil: nature in this our wild and lovely country diſplays all the picturesque before me in the happieſt variety of mountains, rocks, lakes, and rapid rivers. I have heard there are grander views in Scotland, particularly in the neighbourhood of Loch Lomond, but the proſpects there muſt, I think, be too extenſive and vaſt, for an artiſt to be able to repreſent all their features in any landſcape with effect."

"The propriety of your remark," ſaid Edward, "is confirmed by travellers with reſpect

reſpect both to Switzerland and Italy. They ſay nothing can exceed the grandeur of the lakes of Lauſanne and Geneva, the valley of Chamouni, and the Glaciers towering majeſtically above them, and covered with the collected ſnows of centuries; but for ſcenery and proſpects not boundleſs, but limited; not ſavage, but ſweetly wild; not dim but diſtinct; you muſt proceed to the olive-crowned hills and blooming vales of Italy, and viſit the caſcades, groves, and ruins that adorn the claſſical villages of Tivoli, Albano, and Freſcati."

"Drawing," continued Emily, "furniſhes me with the beſt notices of perſons and places; it is a good ſubſtitute for deſcription, and conveys more diſtinct ideas of viſible objects. Even a few lines accurately traced can convey a more exact notion of a perſon or a landſcape, than twice the number of ſentences written to deſcribe them. Dancing may be ſaid to exiſt only in motion, and muſic in fleeting ſounds, but the productions of my pencil are permanent; ſurely if I may judge

judge by its uſe and beauty, drawing muſt be an art of great antiquity." "It is," ſaid Edward, "for we trace it in the hieroglyphics, or ſacred characters of the ancient Egyptians; and when the Spaniards diſcovered Mexico, the only mode which the ingenious people of that country had to convey intelligence of the arrival of the Spaniards, was to paint a ſhip, and the figures of the invaders, and ſend the picture to their emperor.

"No doubt you have heard, that among the Greeks, it was ſuppoſed to derive its origin from the moſt tender of the paſſions —it is ſaid to have been invented by a maid of Corinth."

"You allude to ſome ſtory I never heard," ſaid Emily, "pray favour me with a recital of it."

"A beautiful maid, of Corinth," ſaid Edward, "I think her name was Dione, was ſtrongly attached to Polemon, an amiable youth of the ſame place. They had exchanged their mutual vows, and agreed to viſit the temple of Hymen; but it was neceſſary

ceſſary for the youth to take a journey to a diſtant country, previous to their marriage. The enamoured nymph, the night before his departure, entered his apartment, and found him aſleep: a lamp was burning on the table, and the ſhade of his face appeared diſtinctly on the wall: this ſhe remarked, and quick in invention, for how ingenious is love! ſhe ſeized a piece of charcoal, and traced his profile. It was a rude and imperfect eſſay, as you may ſuppoſe, but even the ſhade of a perſon ſo beloved could not fail to give her pleaſure, whenever it was contemplated; and it ſoothed her fancy during the heavy hours of abſence with a memorial, that enlivened remembrance, and cheriſhed her affection."

"What a pleaſing ſtory," ſaid Emily, "and what an excellent ſubject for the "pencil!"

"I have," ſaid Edward, "an engraving that repreſents the ſubject very pleaſingly; and it is at your ſervice to copy—with it I will ſend a companion, founded on a whim of my own

own: I have repreſented the Maid of Corinth aſleep, and her lover tracing *her* likeneſs upon the wall."

"This idea," ſaid Emily, "however it may offend againſt hiſtorical truth, has, I think, greatly the advantage in point of delicacy of deſign, for which reaſon I had rather copy your improvement, than the original."

Edward's drawing was done in crayons, a kind of colouring which gives the imitation of the bloom of fleſh colour in the ſofteſt and moſt natural manner. Emily saw or fancied ſhe ſaw in *his* Maid of Corinth a reſemblance of herſelf. She did not venture to aſk him the queſtion; but ſhe certainly was not wrong in her conjecture. She made an accurate copy of his drawing: he propoſed an exchange, to which ſhe readily acceded; and it is only in the power of perſons in their ſituations, and influenced by their feelings, to eſtimate the *value* of ſuch preſents.

CHAP. XIV.

THE WONDERS OF THE OCEAN.

CONVERSATION VI.

As Colonel Lorton's health had ſuffered by his frequent expoſure to the chilling blaſts of the northern ſprings and winters, during his cloſe attention to his agricultural concerns, he was adviſed to try the effects of ſea-bathing, and to drink mineral water at the fountain-head. This double benefit could be afforded to him at Scarborough, whither he reſolved to go, and to take Emily with him.

They purſued their journey without delay, till they reached the antient city of York, and there the minſter, the moſt ſublime and venerable monument of Gothic architecture in the world occupied much of their attention.

They entered the church while the ſervice was performing: on approaching the choir, they heard the collect, beginning with the words "Lord of all Power and Might," ſung as an anthem. It was ſet to muſic by the poet Maſon, formerly Precentor of York, in a ſtile that does honour to his genius. The organ accompanied the ſweet voices of the choriſters in the moſt harmonious manner. Such ſacred muſic as Emily had never heard before, added to the grandeur and the ſolemnity of all the ſurrounding objects, filled her mind with wonder and delight. She was indeed enraptured; her fancy was raiſed to the moſt ſublime contemplations, and ſhe thought ſhe was liſtening to more than mortal ſounds, in an edifice raiſed by more than mortal hands.

She prevailed upon her father to linger with her in the church for ſome time after the ſervice was ended, and as ſhe was unable to expreſs what ſhe thought of the general grandeur of the building, and the juſt proportions of the different parts, ſhe was

delighted with muſing in ſilent admiration. Advancing with ſlow ſteps, ſhe gazed upon the long-extended aiſles, the lofty and maſſy pillars, and the richly painted windows, which admit ſufficient light to make the choir, the tranſepts, and the nave diſtinctly viſible, and yet exclude the glare of day. When her father conducted her back to the inn, Emily complained, that her pleaſure had been too ſhort, and ſhe expreſſed a wiſh to return to hear the ſervice the next morning; but the indifferent ſtate of her father's health, made it neceſſary to proceed on their journey without delay.

The ſea-port town of Scarborough which they ſoon after reached, is ſituated in the North Riding of Yorkſhire, near a fine bay, from which it riſes in the form of a creſcent: a ſteep rock ſheltering the town from the north, and the ruins of a caſtle crowning its ſummit, have a bold and pictureſque appearance.

As the Colonel's indiſpoſition was not of ſo ſerious a nature as to require confine-

ment,

ment, he and his daughter ſometimes mixed in the cuſtomary local amuſements; ſuch as attending the libraries, ſailing and fiſhing. Emily was much pleaſed with the place, as it furniſhed her with new ſubjects for her pencil, whether they walked upon the wide extending ſands, or took a view of the town, and the ſurrounding objects from the caſtle rock.

"I ſaw," ſaid Emily, "the minſter at York with wonder, but I think no object can be ſo grand and aſtoniſhing as the ſea."

"Thus," ſaid the Colonel, "you juſtly mark the ſuperiority of nature to art."

"The proſpect of the ſea I am now enjoying," ſaid Emily, "attracts my eyes, more than any thing I ever ſaw before, whether I watch the courſe of its rolling waves breaking in hoarſe murmurs on the ſhore, or extend my view along its diſtant floods till they ſeemed mixed, and loſt in the clouds."

Colonel

Colonel Lorton. The ocean is the centre to which all the great rivers of the world direct their courſe; but although they flow into it, as into a grand reſervoir, yet its quantity of waters is not perceptibly increaſed.

Emily. All great rivers then flow into the ſea, as ſome of the ſmaller do into our lakes. But what is Ullſwater, the largeſt of our lakes, compared to the ocean? Here I can ſee no bounds, no ſhores. The view as far as I can judge, is truly ſublime, but what is the uſe of this vaſt expanſe of water?

Colonel Lorton. The ſea is calculated to excite our admiration of the power and wiſdom of the Almighty, and it affords ſuch productions as are of the greateſt ſervice to mankind. Although it appears to oppoſe bounds to the adventurous ſpirit of man, he has contrived by his ingenuity in conſtructing veſſels, and his ſkill in guiding them,

them, to render it a channel of communication with his fellow-creatures however diſtant; our countrymen in particular not only make the ocean the channel of their commerce, but the ſcene of their naval triumphs over all our enemies.

Emily. Obſerve yonder ſhip how faſt it ſails; not long ago I ſaw the whole of it; at firſt its hull, then the lower parts of its maſts diſappeared, and now it is almoſt all out of ſight, for I can only diſtinguiſh its topſails. Theſe appearances are very ſurprizing; how are they to be accounted for?

C. They ariſe from the form of the ſurface of the ſea, which is nearly round. Theſe appearances at ſea will no longer ſurprize you, if you recollect what you muſt often have obſerved by land. Suppoſe you were not far from the top of a mountain, and ſaw a perſon upon the top going to the oppoſite ſide; in proportion as he moved from you, you would ſee leſs and leſs of him, till at laſt he would appear to ſink entirely out of your ſight. The different appearances of the

ſhip

ſhip you have noticed, afford a proof that the true figure of the globe is what the geographers call ſpheroidical, or nearly round. Another proof is, that the ſea, when calm, always appears to be bounded by ſome portion of a circle.

E. I think I have heard of perſons, who have ſailed round the world.

C. Lord Anſon, Captain Cook, and many others, have literally done ſo. Had the ſea been one continued level ſurface, the longer they had ſailed, the farther they would have gone from home; inſtead of which, by conſtantly ſteering a ſtrait courſe, they returned to England from whence they firſt ſet out.

E. But how could they, or how can any ſailors find their way acroſs the wide and pathleſs ſea to the moſt diſtant ſhores, particularly in the night, and in fogs?

C. They ſteer a ſhip in a certain courſe according to the rules of navigation, and they find the port to which they are bound by the aſſiſtance of the Mariners' Compaſs.

E. What is the Mariners' Compaſs?

C. It

C. It is a circular box, the inſide of which is marked at equal diſtances with the points of the compaſs, that is, the four cardinal points E W N S, and the other intermediate diviſions, making 32 in all. In this box a needle is nicely hung, ſo as to turn upon a centre, with the ſlighteſt impulſe.

E. What is the uſe of this needle?

C. To ſhow the north and ſouth points of the compaſs. A needle will acquire this wonderful property by having been rubbed with a magnet, or load-ſtone.

E. What is a magnet?

C. The natural magnet is a hard dark-coloured mineral ſubſtance, generally found in iron mines. Every magnet and every needle that is made an artificial magnet by being rubbed with a natural one, has a north end and a ſouth end, called the north and ſouth poles. The ſailors by obſerving the needle in the compaſs can always tell very nearly which is the north, and which the ſouth point, and know what courſe to ſteer.

E. Why is the water of the ſea ſalt?

C. It

C. It is probable that the Creator gave the ſea-water this ſaltneſs, not only to preſerve it from corruption, but to enable it to bear the greater burthens. Salt-water is much heavier, and of courſe is more buoyant than freſh.

Sea-water within the torrid zone, where exceſſive heat would ſubject every thing to putrefaction, is found to be ſalteſt, but the nearer you approach the cold climate of the poles, the ſaltneſs is leſs perceptible. It is however obſerved, that ſaltneſs alone does not prevent corruption, for ſtagnant ſalt water like freſh, ſoon grows putrid. This has been proved by experiments made by Mr. Boyle and other naturaliſts. The motion of the ſea is therefore neceſſary to prevent its waters from becoming putrid.

E. I obſerve the waves of the ſea advance upon the ſhore, and retire at different times, not merely when they are driven by the winds, but in calm weather;—does this motion depend upon any regular cauſes?

C. The

C. The ſea has a regular, uniform, and periodical motion; this is cauſed by the *tides.* After a continual flux of about ſix hours it is flood tide, the ſea ſeems then to reſt for a quarter of an hour, and then begins to ebb or flow back again for about ſix hours, in which time by the water ſinking, the rivers reſume their natural level, and former courſe.

E. What is the cauſe of the tides?

C. They are cauſed by the attraction of the ſun, and more particularly of the moon; when the moon is neareſt to the earth, or as the aſtronomers ſay, in conjunction with it, the tides riſe the higheſt, and when ſhe is fartheſt off, or in oppoſition to the earth, they are the loweſt.

E. What is a ſpring tide?

C. It happens by the ſea being raiſed in certain places many feet above the natural level, at the new and full moon, when the ſun and the moon are in conjunction, that is, are neareſt to each other.

E. What

E. What is a neap tide, and when does it happen?

C. It a low tide, and it happens when the moon is in her quarters, and of courſe in oppoſition to the ſun. Theſe were the laws impoſed upon the ocean at the creation of the world, and they have continued in full and undiminiſhed force to the preſent hour.

E. Are the tides the ſame in all places?

C. No: they are influenced by the depth or ſhallowneſs of the ſea, or the obſtructions of ſhoals or ſtraits: the tide flows with great ſtrength in the Engliſh channel, and the German ocean; but in the Mediterranean and Black Sea, there are no apparent tides. The higheſt tide known in England is, I believe, in the river Wye at Chepſtow-bridge, in Monmouthſhire, where the water has been obſerved to riſe more than 50 feet.

E. If the ſea can riſe ſo high, does it not ſometimes gain upon the land?

C. A ſtruggle for empire is conſtantly kept

kept up between the ſea and the land, and in ſome places the one not only gains, but keeps what the other loſes. Dunwich, a town in the county of Suffolk, once three miles from the ſea is now nearly deſtroyed by its incroachments: of its eight ancient churches, not one is left, and the beach dividing the church-yard of the largeſt, has expoſed to view the graves of its ancient inhabitants. An inundation which happened in the reign of Henry I. is ſaid to have covered the eſtates of Earl Goodwin, now known by that dangerous bank oppoſite to Ramſgate, called the Goodwin Sands. The town of Aigues Mortes, not far from Montpellier in France, was a ſea-port in the reign of Louis I. but the ſea has ſince retired to the diſtance of four miles.

E. At the beaſts that move upon the earth, or the birds that fly in the air, I am not much ſurprized; becauſe they live in the ſame element that man does, but the fiſhes that live either in freſh or ſalt water, excite

cite my wonder, for how can they breathe in the water?

C. The preſence of air is as neceſſary to them as to any other animals, and that they enjoy the full uſe of it, and muſt neceſſarily die if deprived of it, has been proved by experiments. They breathe by means of their gills, which ſupply the place of lungs.

E. How can they move in the water?

C. The water to them is as the air is to us, and very eaſily gives way to their motions. Their forms enable them to paſs through the water with eaſe and ſwiftneſs. We imitate their ſhape in the conſtruction of boats and ſhips, yet the courſe of a veſſel moved on by the briſkeſt gale, is tardy in the extreme compared to the velocity of the finny race. The flight of an arrow is hardly more rapid than the motion of a ſalmon. Every part of their bodies, particularly their fins, air bladders, and tails aſſiſt fiſhes in cutting their way through the yielding fluid.

C. We

C. We have often converſed upon the ſubject of ſwallows, and other birds of paſſage, but I do not remember we ever talked of that equally curious part of natural hiſtory, which relates to fiſhes of paſſage.

E. To what particular kinds do you allude?

C. The moſt remarkable are the mackerel, the herring and the pilchard. They arrive at ſtated ſeaſons upon our coaſts, ſometimes with ſuch punctuality, that they have been obſerved to return in ſucceeding years in the ſame week, and even on the ſame day of the month.

E. Whence do they come, and why do they leave the places where they were bred?

C. Herrings and pilchards are found in the greateſt quantity in the high northern latitudes near the polar circle. Their immenſe numbers are ſuppoſed to make their removal neceſſary, and like ſwarms of bees iſſuing from the parent hives, they proceed in ſearch of new ſettlements. Their arrival upon

upon our coaſts is announced to the fiſhermen by the appearance of their different enemies of the ſea and air. Their ſhoals diſcolour the ſea, and are often ſome miles in length. In fine weather when the ſun ſhines, they reflect a variety of beautiful colours, and the water appears like a field beſpangled with azure, purple and gold. Although the quantity of pilchards caught at a ſingle draught ſometimes amounts to fifteen hundred barrels, yet this makes no viſible decreaſe of their numbers.

E. What an advantage it is that theſe fiſhes come to invite the fiſhermen to catch them, for if they remained in the places where they were bred, they could not be caught at all.

C. If they did not quit their remote receſſes among the ice; if they ſought the depths of the ſea inſtead of the ſhallows; if they did not ſwim nearly upon the ſurface inſtead of diving to the bottom, they could not be caught, at leaſt not in ſuch great numbers; and if they were not ſo numerous

rous, they would not repay the labour of the fiſhermen. Such fiſhes as afford wholeſome food to man approach the ſhores; many others, either hurtful or uſeleſs, conſtantly live in the deep. Such evident marks as theſe of the goodneſs of the Creator to mankind, cannot eſcape your attention.

E. Before we return home, I wiſh to make a collection of ſhells.

C. You have already procured from the fiſhermen of Scarborough ſome fine ſpecimens of the *chama* and the *tellina* kinds; but you cannot procure many more here, as the moſt beautiful are brought from diſtant ſeas. The Red Sea abounds with ſhells of all kinds: many of very rich colours are found between the tropics, where the heat of the ſun has a ſimilar effect upon them, as on the birds, and gives them a peculiar luſtre and brilliancy of colours. The ſea-coaſts of Aſia furniſh pearl-oyſters and ſcallops; the ſhores of Malabar abound with a ſpecies of beautiful ſnails; Japan produces many bivalves, or ſhells

compoſed of double pieces, and the limpet whoſe radiated form reſembles the head of an umbrella, is found near the iſland of Cyprus. I will carry you to ſee a collection of ſhells, where in addition to ſpecimens of ſuch as I have mentioned, you will find others as curious, ſuch as the cowry with leopard ſpots, the admirals, the numerous echini, the nautilus, the Guernſey ſnail, the Ethiopian crown, the Panama ſhell, the mother-of-pearl, the porcelain, the parroquet ſhell, the Venus heart cockle, the ducal mantle pecten, and many others. You will likewiſe ſee ſome very curious foſſils there.

E. What are foſſils?

C. A foſſil means in general any thing dug out of the earth, whether at firſt produced there as metals and ſtones, or ſome foreign ſubſtances placed in the earth by ſome extraordinary means, as a flood, or a an earthquake. Of this latter kind, many are the ſpoils of the ocean, ſuch as ſhells, the teeth or bones of fiſhes, and complete fiſhes. All theſe are found in a petrified

ſtate, that is, changed to ſtone, on the tops of mountains, in quarries of ſtone, and beds of gravel and chalk far remote from the ſea. Theſe cannot be, as ſome ſuperficial naturaliſts imagine, *luſus naturæ*, that is, the mere ſportive productions of nature, for if foſſil ſhells and foſſil fiſhes are examined with the leaſt attention, we ſhall be convinced they are exactly like ſhells and fiſhes found in the ocean.

In the Iſle of Sheppey, in Kent, infinite numbers of theſe curioſities have been dug up. That place forms a kind of cabinet of nature, containing ſpecimens collected from the moſt diſtant ſeas, and amaſſed there, moſt probably, at that awful era of the world, when water was made the inſtrument of the divine diſpleaſure, and the guilty race of men, with the exception of righteous Noah and his family, were deſtroyed by the general deluge.

E. If it was poſſible to walk with ſafety at the bottom of the ſea, what curioſities ſhould I find there?

C. If we were able to do this, we ſhould no doubt find it in many reſpects like the land. It is varied by cavities, rocks, and mountains, inhabited by animals ſuited to their reſpective abodes. The bottom of the Red Sea is a foreſt of ſubmarine plants and beds of coral, formed by inſects for their habitation; and in other ſeas, madrepores, millepores, ſponges, moſſes, and ſea muſhrooms abound. The bottom of the ſea on the coaſt of America is covered with vegetables, which are the food of turtles and other animals.

Could you realiſe the fables of antiquity, by being transformed into a Nereid, or Sea-nymph, and traverſe the caverns, grottoes, and receſſes at the bottom of the ocean, how great would be your aſtoniſhment! There the ſublime proceſſes of Nature are carried on—there the tides and currents that flow beneath the earth have their ſources; and myriads of animals, vegetables, and minerals, unknown to man, exiſt and anſwer the purpoſes of their creation.

E. Such

E. Such reſearches, were it poſſible to make them, would certainly gratify my curioſity; but you have ſaid enough to convince me of the wonders of the great deep, and the benefits mankind may draw from it. How very happy are we, whom the ſea at this time protects from the invaſion of the French?

C. The conviction of this happineſs ſhould be a motive to excite our gratitude to *Him*, who ſets bounds to the ambition of man, as well as to the advances of the ocean. Much do we owe to the valour of our ſailors, ſo often manifeſted in our defence; but our debt of obligation for our *continued* ſafety cannot in any due degree be diſcharged, unleſs we aſcribe all honour and praiſe to Him whoſe protection does not depend upon the frail and periſhable arm of fleſh—to Him who has begirt our iſland with this never-failing rampart, and who tells us by the ſublime voice of Nature, as often as we hear the waves either gently murmur, or tempeſtuouſly daſh upon any part of our ſhores,

BRITONS,

BRITONS, be PIOUS, LOYAL, and UNITED, and YOU SHALL BE FOR EVER HAPPY AND FREE.

As the Colonel ſoon found benefit from bathing, and drinking the waters of Scarborough, his ſtay there was ſhort. Emily attended him with all the anxiety naturally ariſing from her tenderneſs and affection. She returned to Lorton Houſe, rich in ſketches, ſhells, and ſea-plants, and anticipated the pleaſure of entertaining her aunt with an account of all ſhe had ſeen; but nothing made her feel ſo much ſatisfaction on reaching her native place, as the thought that her father's recovery would enable them to continue the enjoyments of their retirement, among the greateſt of which ſhe reckoned the purſuit of her ſtudies, and the improvement of her mind.

CHAP.

CHAP. XV.

THE STARRY HEAVENS.

CONVERSATION VII.

Not long after their return from Scarborough, Emily took a walk with her father upon the banks of Kefwick Lake. The weather was delightful, the air balmy and foft, and the breezes gently agitated the leaves of the filver-barked birch trees, that grew from the fiffures of the rocks. The fun was finking below the horizon, and the tints of evening began to obfcure every object. The water-falls, unperceived during the day, were now heard to give various founds, fome near, others more remote. The long

long ſhadows of the mountains were ſoon after projected far into the water, which preſented a ſmooth and dark ſurface, ſpangled with the reflected ſtars. As the full moon roſe in cloudleſs ſplendour, its light firſt touched the ſummits of the mountains and woods, and as it aſcended higher in the heavens, poured a ſoft and ſilvery brightneſs over the calm and unruffled boſom of the lake.

"You are very ſilent," ſaid Emily to her father; "I wiſh to know what you are thinking of while you look ſo attentively at the heavens."

"I am admiring," ſaid the Colonel, "the glorious appearance of the moon and the ſtars, and my admiration is ſucceeded by ambition and curioſity. I wiſh to ſoar on high, and viſit the moon and ſome of the more diſtant orbs of light, and to ſee what are their inhabitants and productions. But as I am convinced of the impoſſibility of taking ſuch a flight, my mind deſcends to thoughts more ſuited to my accuſtomed habits

bits and feelings. Your preſence adds greatly to the pleaſure I derive from this proſpect: were you abſent, I ſhould wiſh, ardently wiſh for your company to enjoy this grand diſplay of Nature with me.

E. Why do the ſtarry heavens attract ſo little attention from people in general?

C. Becauſe ſuch an appearance is common. If there was ſuch a night as this only once in the courſe of a perſon's life, every one who enjoyed the faculty of ſight would be alive to the diſplay of its beauty. All would then be duly impreſſed with the conviction of the power and the wiſdom of the great Creator: they would be fully ſenſible of his immediate preſence diffuſed through this his magnificent palace of the univerſe, of which the depths of azure form the circuit, the myriads of ſtars are the luminaries, and mankind are permitted, by eſpecial favour, to be the ſpectators.

E. As we are at ſo great a diſtance from the heavenly bodies, is it in the power of men to know any thing *certain* concerning them?

C. Thoſe

C. Thoſe who are ignorant of aſtronomy may ſuppoſe that all that has been written upon the ſubject is nothing more than ingenious conjecture. There is however a fact which will convince you that aſtronomers proceed upon the true principles of ſcience, that is, rightly explain the laws of Nature, when they inſtruct you as to the ſizes, motions, and diſtances of the largeſt and moſt conſpicuous of the heavenly bodies. I allude to the exactneſs with which they calculate eclipſes.

E. What is an eclipſe?

C. An eclipſe means a failure, or want of light. Eclipſes depend upon this cauſe—all dark bodies when expoſed to a light one, as for inſtance to the ſun, caſt a ſhadow behind them, juſt as a ball does placed upon a table near a candle. If aſtronomers can foretel when eclipſes will happen, ought you not to give them credit for their knowledge of other facts which belong to their province? And that they can do this, a common almanack may convince you; for you will

will there obſerve all the eclipſes, both of the ſun and the moon, that will happen in the courſe of the year, diſtinctly mentioned, and the days and hours very exactly ſtated, as to their beginning, continuation, and end, and how much of the body of the ſun or the moon will be darkened.

E. What is an eclipſe of the ſun?

C. An eclipſe of the ſun happens when the ſun's light is ſo cut off by the moon, that to any part of the earth the ſun appears to be partly or wholly covered by a ſhadow.

E. What is an eclipſe of the moon?

C. An eclipſe of the moon happens when the globe of the earth paſſes between the ſun and the moon, and the moon falls into the earth's ſhadow; and as ſhe has no light of her own, ſhe ſuffers an eclipſe, in conſequence of the ſun's rays being intercepted, or cut off.

E. Do eclipſes happen very often?

C. In any year the number of eclipſes, both of the ſun and the moon, cannot be leſs than two, or more than ſeven; the uſual number

number is four, and it is very uncommon to have more than ſix. The ſun is more frequently eclipſed than the moon, and yet more eclipſes of the moon are viſible, than of the ſun.

E. Ought we not to think ourſelves much obliged to the aſtronomers for the notice they give us of approaching eclipſes?

C. Certainly; for before the cauſes of ſuch appearances were diſcovered, they were beheld with terror and diſmay. The knowledge which enables the aſtronomers to calculate them, forms one of the great diſtinctions between civiliſed and barbarous nations.

E. Can you give me an example of this diſtinction?

C. I can—you have heard me talk of the great Chriſtopher Columbus, who diſcovered America. In the courſe of one of his voyages, his ſhip was driven by a ſtorm to the coaſt of Jamaica, and he was reduced to diſtreſs for want of proviſions. On being refuſed ſupplies by the barbarous inhabitants of the iſland, he told them, that the Deity whom he

he worſhipped was ſo angry at their inhumanity to him, that he would ſhortly puniſh them with a plague; and as a proof that what he threatened was certain to happen, the moon would be darkened at a particular hour the next night. The truth was, Columbus, by his ſkill in aſtronomy, knew that a lunar eclipſe would happen at the time he mentioned. It accordingly took place, and the people were ſo terrified that they brought him all kinds of proviſions, and entreated him to appeaſe the wrath of his Deity, and ſupplicate him to reſtore the light of the moon.

E. In what elſe does aſtronomy inſtruct us?

C. In the knowledge of the ſolar ſyſtem. By this ſyſtem I mean the eſtabliſhed order of that part of the creation which relates to the ſun, and the heavenly bodies that move round him. The ſun is fixed in the centre of this ſyſtem, and the planets, or moving ſtars, with their ſatellites, or moons, move round him in different times and at different diſtances.

E. Do

E. Do you ſay the ſun is fixed? Does he not move, as he appears to do?

C. The ſun has a motion upon his own axis, and that has been diſcovered by obſerving that the ſpots on his ſurface change their places. The earth moves round the ſun, and not the ſun round the earth.

E. Be ſo good as to explain to me the motion of the earth.

C. The earth has two motions, one upon its own axis every twenty-four hours, which cauſes the ſucceſſion of light and darkneſs, and of day and night; and another round the ſun in a little more time than 365 days: It comes to the ſame place in the heavens again in that time, and ſo completes the year. This motion of the earth round the ſun cauſes the different lengths of the days and nights, and of courſe of the different ſeaſons of the year.

E. If the ſun does not move round the earth, why do we ſay that the ſun *riſes* and *ſets?*

C. When we uſe theſe words, we expreſs the

the common notions of mankind, and not the true nature of things. Aſtronomy teaches us to diſtinguiſh reality from appearance. This appearance will be the ſame to us whether the ſun move round the earth, while the earth ſtands ſtill, or the ſun ſtands ſtill, and the earth moves on its axis the contrary way to that which it appears to move.

E. I cannot clearly conceive this: give me ſome example that will aſſiſt me to underſtand you.

C. Do you not recollect when we were returning from Scarborough, and our chaiſe was driven very rapidly along a level road, you ſaid the trees and hedges appeared to move the contrary way to that we were going; and when we have been ſailing upon the lake in ſmooth water, have not the ſhores appeared to move from us, and not we from them?

E. Our real motion then in the carriage and the boat, I ſuppoſe, is intended to repreſent the real motion of the earth; and the apparent motion of the trees and the ſhores

to

to repreſent the apparent motion of the ſun. Theſe inſtances greatly aſſiſt me to correct my former error. Is the ſun a very large body?

C. It is computed to be more than a million times larger than the earth; it would therefore be abſurd to ſuppoſe that the former moved round the latter. You might as well imagine that a millſtone moved round a pebble.

E. How many planets are there in the ſolar ſyſtem?

C. There are ſeven, and they are called Mercury, Venus, the Earth, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, and the Georgium Sidus. I name them in the order of their diſtance from the ſun. Mercury is the neareſt, and the Georgium Sidus the moſt remote. Theſe planets are in themſelves opaque, that is, dark-coloured bodies reflecting the light of the ſun, which makes them ſhine with more or leſs ſplendour.

E. Are there any other bodies belonging to the ſolar ſyſtem?

C. Eighteen

C. Eighteen have been diſcovered: they are called Satellites, or Moons. The moſt conſpicuous is our Moon, which moves round the earth in ſomething leſs than twenty-eight days: four move round Jupiter, ſeven round Saturn, and ſix round the Georgium Sidus. They move round their reſpective planets in the ſame manner as the planets move round the ſun, from weſt to eaſt; except thoſe of the Georgium Sidus, which appear to move in the contrary direction.

E. Were the antients acquainted with the ſolar ſyſtem?

C. It was known to Pythagoras, an eminent Grecian philoſopher, who lived 500 years before Chriſt; and it was revived by Copernicus, a Pruſſian aſtronomer, who flouriſhed in the 15th century: in honour of him it is frequently called the Copernican Syſtem.

E. What are Comets?

C. They are ſtars of various ſizes, with long bright tails, reſembling a bluiſh flame.

E. Are there any that belong to our ſyſtem?

 C. Several

C. Several have been obſerved both in antient and modern times. They move very irregularly, and with inconceivable ſwiftneſs round the ſun, and they croſs the orbits of the planets in all directions. Their periodical times, that is, the time in which they return to a given place, is very difficult to be known. Dr. Halley, however, a great aſtronomer of the laſt century, calculated the time when one of them would return, and the event agreed very nearly with his calculation.

E. Do any other heavenly bodies, beſides thoſe we have mentioned, move round the ſun?

C. No: the other heavenly bodies are called Fixed Stars.

E. What is the nature of the fixed ſtars?

C. As they ſhine with their own light, they are ſuppoſed to be ſuns, and that each is placed in the centre of a ſyſtem, in which planets revolve round them as ours do round the ſun.—Imagine, for a moment, that we could ſoar on high, as I was wiſhing to do juſt

juſt before we began this converſation, and we were placed as near to any one of the ſtars, as we are now in the earth to the ſun; that ſtar would appear as near to us as the ſun now does, and our ſun would appear no larger than a fixed ſtar. Every ſtar therefore may be conſidered as the ſun of a ſyſtem, conſiſting of planets governed by laws, and revolving round their centre with regular motions, and invariably keeping the tracks marked out for them, like the planets of our ſyſtem.

E. This is wonderful indeed, particularly as the fixed ſtars appear to be innumerable. Look how many there are; I think there are thouſands, nay millions, of different ſizes.

C. You are greatly miſtaken; for the moſt accurate and keen-eyed aſtronomers have obſerved, that not more than a thouſand ſtars are viſible at one time to the naked eye. Many more indeed have been brought to view by the aſſiſtance of teleſcopes, and the greater the magnifying power of ſuch glaſſes is, the greater is the number diſcovered.

Dr. Herſchel, whoſe application to aſtronomy has been inceſſant, by the aid of his teleſcopes of very great magnifying power, not only diſcovered the Georgium Sidus and its ſatellites, but has aſcertained, that the whole luminous track in the heavens, commonly called the *Milky Way*, conſiſts entirely of ſtars, and that their number cannot be leſs than fifty thouſand. Huygens, an eminent aſtronomer, carried his ideas ſo far with reſpect to the probable exiſtence of undiſcovered ſtars, as to think there may be ſtars at ſuch an inconceivable diſtance, that their light has not yet reached the earth ſince its creation, notwithſtanding the ſwiftneſs of light, which flies a million of times faſter than a cannon-ball. I cannot form, nor endeavour to convey to you a more ſublime and aſtoniſhing idea than this, of the power, wiſdom, and goodneſs of the Almighty, extended to numberleſs ſyſtems of worlds placed in the immenſe regions of ſpace.

E. As the univerſe gives us ſuch an enlarged notion of the greatneſs and the power

power of God, does it not make mankind appear very humble, and too mean to be worthy of his care? Does not the Pſalmiſt ſay, *I will conſider thy heavens, even the works of thy fingers, the moon and the ſtars which thou haſt ordained: What is man that thou art mindful of him, and the ſon of man that thou viſiteſt him?*

C. This reflection is uſeful to abate our pride, and to teach us humility; but it is far from the intention of the Pſalmiſt to prove, nor is there reaſon for concluding that we are too inſignificant to engage the attention of the Almighty. For ſuppoſing millions of worlds to exiſt, and every one of them to be full of inhabitants, ſtill we have ſufficient proofs afforded to us in the order and regularity with which all things are conducted in this our world, in our deſire of knowledge, and the means afforded to us of acquiring it; in the comforts allowed to us in this life, and the aſſurance conveyed by Revelation of a better world to come, to be ſatisfied that we partake, in common with the reſt of created beings,

beings, the bounty and the care of the Almighty.

I hope, my dear Emily, I have ſaid enough to diveſt your mind of the notions which the vulgar are apt to entertain of the ſtars, as if they were only little lights placed in the heavens to catch the eyes of a few accidental ſpectators.

E. From all you have ſaid I am certain that aſtronomy is a noble ſtudy; I am eager to know more of it.

C. What I have told you is very ſuperficial and imperfect, and by no means does juſtice to the ſubject. In order that you may enter more fully into the ſpirit of it, we will read Fontenelle's Pluralité des Mondes, and Ferguſon's Aſtronomy: they are the eaſieſt and the pleaſanteſt books of the kind I know.

During this converſation, Emily, leaning upon her father's arm, moderated his pace by her own ſlow ſteps, and they both frequently pauſed, in admiration of the moonlight beauties of the proſpect, where all was calm, ſolemn, and delicious.

As

As they were returning with more haſte—in one of their intervals of ſilence, on a ſudden a clarinet was heard, and the notes of a wild and plaintive tune ſaluted their ears. The echoes caught the delightful ſounds, and repeated them from different rocks; ſometimes they ſwelled full in the breeze, and while they were liſtening to ſome notes that were dying away in the diſtance, others nearer and louder ſtruck their attention. The ſcene appeared like the effect of enchantment—ſo indeed did the muſic: it reſembled the iſland of Proſpero, and his attendant Ariel warbling "ſweet airs."

The modulation of the inſtrument was ſo fine and varied, the tones ſo clear and melodious, and the pauſes ſo well managed, that Colonel Lorton declared he had never heard more affecting muſic. Emily was motionleſs, and ſilent—for what was her ſurprize, when ſhe recognized the very ſame air Edward Marriot had often played at Lorton Houſe, and ſhe had commended: to complete her aſtoniſhment, it proceeded from nearly the

ſame

ſame place—a ſmall opening between the mountains, whither ſhe had been conveyed after her eſcape from the imminent danger of a watery death.

The coincidence of circumſtances very forcibly ſtruck her mind—and what, thought ſhe, if this muſician ſhould be my preſerver himſelf, and how can I fail to entertain and encourage an idea ſo flattering to my wiſhes?—She was right in her conjecture, for Edward during many a fine evening had frequented the memorable ſpot, and took this method of cheriſhing the ſweet remembrance of her, whoſe image was engraved on his heart.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVI.

——— ——— ——— She would ſit, and tell
Of ſhadowy ghoſts, that glide the church-yard path,
And ſcare the ſchool-boy—of the death-bed call
Heard by the fell aſſaſſin—of blue flames
Seen in the lonely tower at eventide;
Till her pale auditors with panic chill'd,
Dar'd not to look aſkance ——— ——— ——— A.

About this time the attention of the family at Lorton houſe was directed to an incident which gave riſe to an intereſting converſation. Mrs. Mapleton remarked to her brother, that none of their ſervants for the laſt evening or two, would go alone into any of the rooms in the houſe, but two or three always went together, and they all ſeemed, the men as well as the women, to be in great fright and agitation. The cook-maid appeared to be more alarmed than the reſt: and Mrs. Mapleton,

pleton, wiſhing her brother to hear what cauſe the girl had to aſſign for her ſtrange alteration of behaviour, called her into the parlour; and the account ſhe gave, with much heſitation, and a faltering voice, was as follows:

"I was ſent," ſaid ſhe, "on an errand to Dr. Marriot's, and was kept there ſo long, that I was obliged to return home alone, a little before it was quite dark; juſt as I had paſſed through the church-yard, I thought I heard a noiſe behind me, and on looking back, I ſaw a moſt terrible ſight indeed—it was a ghoſt with large flaming eyes moving ſlowly towards the church door: I was ſo terrified, I hardly dared to ſtir or breathe; but at laſt I ran about a hundred yards, and then ventured to look back, when the whole inſide of the church appeared to be in a blaze of fire. As ſoon as I came home, I told what I had ſeen to my fellow-ſervants, and they all ſaid, that what I had ſeen could be nothing elſe but farmer Davis's ghoſt, that cannot reſt in the grave, becauſe,

becauſe, cruel wretch as he was, he beat his poor plough-boy to death. I aſſure you, dame Rogers told us, he has often been ſeen in that place. I hope, Sir, you will not be angry, but for my part, I would not venture to go alone again acroſs the church-yard at night, no, not if you would give me a purſe of gold."

Had Colonel Lorton or his ſiſter ſuppoſed the cook-maid would have related ſuch a ſtory, they would on no account have allowed her to do ſo, when Emily and Fanny were preſent. Both of them liſtened to every word ſhe ſaid with fixed attention: at firſt they ſurveyed her with aſtoniſhment; at the end of her narrative, Emily was ſtanding cloſe to her father, with her arms thrown around him, and the trembling Fanny ſtood near Mrs. Mapleton, and concealed her face.

"Well," ſaid the Colonel, laughing, "this is a terrible adventure indeed; why, cook, how came the ghoſt not to fly away both with you and the church; but I ſuppoſe you

you would have been rather too heavy for him to carry. Now what will you ſay, if I explain the whole myſtery. Take my word for it, what you ſaw was only the Doctor walking acroſs the church-yard with his lantern in his hand, and what you miſtook for the church in a blaze, was nothing but the light of the lantern ſhining through the windows, while the doctor was walking in the church. That you and the other ſervants may be free from any more alarms, and have the laugh completely turned againſt you, I will take a walk to the doctor's houſe, and clear up the whole wonder."

The colonel went there, and in a ſhort time returned, fully confirmed in his conjecture. The truth was, the doctor according to cuſtom, had been taking one of his evening walks in the church, and thinking it would ſoon grow dark, carried his lantern ready lighted in his hand.

Tranquillity was thus in a great degree reſtored in the kitchen, but the mind of Emily was diſturbed; ſhe had indeed no longer

longer any doubt as to the true cauſe of the late alarm among the ſervants, yet the various tales ſhe had heard from them, occurred to her recollection, and ſhe ventured to ſay, "Pray, dear father, tell me the reaſon, why ſo many ſtories are told of ghoſts and apparitions?"

"Various cauſes," ſaid the colonel, "may be aſſigned for their origin and circulation. Before the Reformation, the prieſts of the church of Rome endeavoured to ſupport their falling credit by telling ſtories of falſe miracles, and ſupernatural appearances; ſuperſtition, bad conſciences, and low ſpirits have added to their number; the impreſſion of them has been deeply fixed in the minds of the ignorant and the timid, and their fondneſs for whatever is marvellous has induced them to circulate theſe tales, and deliver them down from one generation to another, clothed with additional circumſtances of terror and diſmay."

"One very great ſource of theſe tales is fear, which had you know ſuch an effect upon

upon the poor cook as to make her transform the doctor into a ghoſt: another cauſe almoſt as fruitful is artifice—this prevails in caſes where perſons have recourſe to ſome contrivance, and ſpread a falſe report, that they may without interruption carry on ſome bad practices; and as I look upon this to be a mode of producing the *terrific*, againſt which you ought particularly to be put upon your guard, I will read to you from an ancient family manuſcript, the ſtory of an adventure that befel one of our anceſtors.

The ſervants were all ordered to attend in the parlour, and the Colonel began as follows:

"Some centuries ago, when the ſpirit of romantic enterprize fired the breaſt of every gentleman, as much as ſuperſtition and terror haunted the minds of the lower ranks of ſociety, Sir Martin de Courcy, a pious and brave knight, who had obtained renown at the battles of Creci and Poitiers, was travelling towards the north of England, attended

tended by ſeveral domeſtics, charged with important diſpatches to king Edward the third. After a tedious journey through a wild country, he reached a ſmall village near which was an antient caſtle. He inquired in the village, if he could be accommodated with entertainment and lodging in the caſtle. "Sir knight," ſaid a hoary-headed cottager, "you muſt not think of ſojourning there, the place has been long uninhabited, and no one ventures to approach nearer to it, than the draw-bridge; for ſtrange noiſes have been heard to proceed from thence by night, lights have been ſeen moving along the windows, and the place is certainly haunted by evil ſpirits; they wander about the great rooms, and in the dark and vaſt dungeons under them, where it is ſaid they chain and torment all raſh intruders upon their deeds of darkneſs."

"Good Friend," ſaid Sir Martin, "I know no fear, becauſe my conſcience reproaches me with no crime. I am a true Knight, and I hope a true Chriſtian; curious and eager have

have I been from my childhood to converſe with unembodied ſpirits, if ſuch abide here or elſewhere. I am therefore reſolved to paſs this night in the caſtle, whatever may be the iſſue of the adventure."

The knight commanded his ſervants to attend him with wine and candles, and deſired the old cottager to lead the way. "To the caſtle yard will I attend you full readily," ſaid he, "but not a ſtep farther: I will not ſo much expoſe myſelf to the anger of theſe ſpirits, as to be guilty of raſhneſs like thine."

They aſcended the hill upon which the caſtle ſtood, and paſſed through the firſt gate into the court-yard, which was overgrown with ſpire graſs and weeds. They paſſed over the draw-bridge; under it appeared the dark and deep water of the moat, which ſurrounded the caſtle. As they were proceeding to the ſecond portcullis-gate, the moon before obſcured by clouds, ſhone clearly, and ſhed its light upon the lofty towers, and ſilvered with full ſplendour the long

long line of grated windows of the caſtle-hall, while the broken arches and walls neareſt to them remained in deep ſhadow. They advanced up a flight of ſteps to an immenſe door, plated with iron, which grated harſhly on its hinges as they with difficulty opened it. They entered the great hall, and by the light of the torches they ſurveyed its ample ſpace, the roof was raſtered, the fire-place was of very wide extent, over it were hung coats of mail, and on the walls were arranged corſlets, ſpears, and helmets: under the windows ſtood long tables, where the lord of the caſtle had in old time been accuſtomed to feaſt his knights and vaſſals: there was a gallery formerly the ſtation of the harpers and minſtrels, but now vaniſhed was the banquet, and mute was the harp; all was ſilent and gloomy as the grave.

When they advanced to the upper end of the hall, the ſervants of Sir Martin were ſtartled at ſeeing two gigantic forms of men in complete armour ſtanding in niches: Sir Martin, nothing daunted, drew his ſword,

and on advancing nearer, diſcovered the one to be a ſtatue of Guy Earl of Warwick, who ſlew Colebrand the Dane, in ſingle combat; and the other was Sir Hugh Cæſareo the Knight of the Foreſt of Inglewood, who ſubdued four Caledonians of redoubtable proweſs. They then entered a room, formerly the private apartment of the lord of the caſtle; the furniture conſiſted of an antient ebony table, and high backed chairs, curiouſly carved; pictures of old warriours and ladies, mouldering in their frames hung around. Sir Martin ordered a fire to be lighted in this apartment, the candles to be placed upon the table, and bade his ſervants return to the village.

He heard diſtinctly the ſound of their retiring footſteps, and the harſh grating of the ponderous door as they ſhut it after them, till at laſt all was ſilence. He then laid his ſword upon the table, took out his maſs-book, and fervently repeated his veſpers. He could not however bring his mind into a ſtate of perfect compoſure, but walked about

about the room. As he grew more and more reſtleſs, he took a candle to examine the objects around him, and diſcovered a pair of folding doors; on opening them he ſaw an apartment loſty, ſpacious, and grand, hung round with rich tapeſtry much faded by length of time. On one ſide of the room was wrought the death of St. Edmund the king and martyr, who was baſely ſlain by the Pagan Danes, near Framlingham caſtle, in Norfolk. His pallid head lay at a diſtance from his body, and the blood ſeemed to be flowing in a freſh ſtream. Oppoſite this was curiouſly wrought the ſtory of Don Orlando the Spaniſh knight, and his miſtreſs the falſe Iſabel of Arragon. The knight in complete armour was ſitting in deſpair at the tomb of Iſabel, to whom he had plighted his love, before he went to the Holy Wars; her corſe, beautiful even in death, was laid at his feet; and the fatal dagger was fixed in her ſnowy boſom. At a diſtance was the body of his rival Almida the Moor, whom Don Orlando had ſlain in

ſingle combat. Each of theſe pieces of tapeſtry had explanatory inſcriptions worked in large Gothic characters.

While Sir Martin was attentively looking at theſe tragical ſubjects, ſo deeply affecting to one in his peculiar ſituation, he heard a ruſtling noiſe at one of the windows; on turning round he perceived, though indiſtinctly, on the outſide of the window two lofty and dark figures bending backward and forward—he ſtood firm, and demanded who was there, but no anſwer was returned —all was profoundly ſilent. He then cloſed the beaver of his helmet, graſped his ſword, and advanced with a ſlow pace, and juſt as he approached the window, the moon ſhone out brightly, and diſcovered theſe figures to be two tall trees waving in the wind. This incident confirmed his courage, and he ſmiled to think how alarmed his ſervants would have been, had they been ſpectators of this appearance.

As he returned through the room, he ſurveyed the tapeſtry again, the eyes of the figures

figures ſeemed to glare upon him, and yet was his heart unappalled; he ſtirred the embers almoſt expiring on the hearth in the ſmall room, and then reſolved to reſign himſelf to ſleep. For a ſhort time he dozed, till the clock of the caſtle, with ſolemn, deep, and diſtant ſtrokes at long intervals, ſounded the hour of midnight, and awoke him. An awful ſilence ſucceeded, broken only by the hollow murmuring of the wind around the walls and battlements of the caſtle.

Sir Martin was at length ſtartled by hearing, or thinking he heard, a diſtant noiſe which ſeemed to proceed from the farther end of the long tapeſtry room. It ſeemed like the clanking of chains, and ſuch it really was, and the ſound of feet ſtrongly and firmly treading, announced the approach of ſome one. And now Sir Martin, the adventure began to aſſume a ſerious appearance, and required the utmoſt exertion of thy intrepidity to ſupport thee! The folding doors flew open, and a lofty figure of a knight clothed

clothed in complete armour appeared, holding a blazing torch in one hand, and a heavy chain in the other; his head was covered with a helmet ſurmounted by a black waving plume of feathers. The figure advanced towards Sir Martin, then ſtopped, but ſpoke not a word.

Sir Martin roſe from his ſeat, and in a firm tone demanded, in the name of the Holy Virgin and St. George, what cauſe brought him there. The figure waved his torch, pointed it to the place from whence he had come, made ſigns for Sir Martin to follow him, and then ſlowly turning round, ſtalked away. Sir Martin graſping his ſword in his right hand, took a candle in his left, and obeyed. The figure led the way with ſlow ſteps; but ſtill he ſpoke not a word. When he came to the end of the tapeſtry room, he opened a ſecret door, and Sir Martin followed him down a flight of wide and winding ſtairs. They then came to the end of a long vaulted paſſage, and all on a ſudden his myſterious guide diſappeared. Sir Martin

tin ſunk down through a trap-door, and on recovering from a flight fall, he found himſelf in a large vault well lighted by lamps—and in the power, not of ſpectres, apparitions. or ſupernatural beings, but of a number of ſtout and fiercely looking men, of black and diſmal aſpects, who inſtantly ſurrounded him, and threatened him with death. His great ſoul meditated reſiſtance, but what could one knight do when oppoſed to ſuch numbers?

"Raſh ſtranger," ſaid their leader, "in defiance of the meaſures we have taken to deter all perſons from coming hither, thou haſt dared to violate this retreat, in which we carry on our occupation of coining, and ſo prepare, inſtantly, to ſuffer for thy folly."

Here he pauſed, and Sir Martin obtained permiſſion to ſpeak. "Gentlemen," ſaid he, "my conduct in coming to this caſtle may make you think me preſumptuous and deſigning, but I aſſure you upon the ſacred word of a true knight, I promiſe to keep this adventure a ſecret; ſo do not, I conjure you,

you, commit a crime by putting a man to death, who never had the leaſt intention to injure you: ſhould you take my life, conſider the conſequences of a deed not only cruel, but impolitic in the extreme. I am the bearer of letters of great importance to the king, which I am bound to deliver in perſon: I have many truſty ſervants in the village, they will make the moſt diligent ſearch after me, and at laſt this place and you will be diſcovered; what the conſequences will certainly be, as you may eaſily gueſs, I need not deſcribe."

The argument of the knight prevailed; and the coiners agreed to truſt to his promiſe, after having made him ſwear by the Holy Evangeliſts, that he would relate the moſt terrible account of his adventures in the caſtle. They then conducted him courteouſly back to the tapeſtry room, and as ſoon as the day dawned, he returned to the village, and aſſured the people he had ſeen ſuch things as were too frightful to deſcribe.

Some

Some years after this adventure, as Sir Martin was entertaining a party of friends in his own caſtle, he was informed a ſtranger had brought him two fine horſes, and requeſted leave to ſpeak to him—but refuſed to enter the caſtle. He went out, and the ſtranger, whoſe voice he thought he had ſomewhere heard before, informed him, that the perſons, who had ſworn him to ſecrecy in the haunted caſtle, returned him thanks for having kept his promiſe, and now releaſed him from it, as they had quitted the caſtle for ever. "I am the perſon," continued he, "whoſe office it was to terrify every one who came to pry into our ſecrets, by dreſſing myſelf in complete armour, and appearing in the tapeſtry room. In the name of my companions I beg your acceptance of a preſent of horſes as a proof of our gratitude." He had tied the horſes to a tree, and as ſoon as he had ended his ſpeech, galloped away, with the greateſt ſpeed.

Sir

Sir Martin then returned to his impatient friends, and related the particulars of this ſingular adventure. They warmly congratulated him on the proof he had given of undaunted courage, and his noble triumph over popular ſuperſtition.

"My courage," ſaid he, "is greatly confirmed by a ſure confidence in my great Creator. I ſupplicate his guidance by prayer, and I endeavour to deſerve his protection by a holy life. If the world was as much under the control of ſpiritual Beings, as the vulgar chriſtians of this age imagine, ſtill I ſhould be confident they muſt act under the direction of the Almighty; and that he will either avert every miſchief they meditate againſt us, or will cauſe whatever evil they may be permitted to inflict, to turn to our advantage."

The Colonel read the foregoing narrative in a very ſerious and impreſſive manner. At firſt the eyes of Emily and Fanny were fixed ſteadily upon him, and they ſcarcely ventured

ventured to move: towards the concluſion they felt more at eaſe, and their eyes brightened with their accuſtomed cheerfulneſs. The ſervants ſhowed various degrees of anxiety, fear, and ſurprize. No one was more attentive than the cook-maid. She ſcreamed at the deſcription of "the clanking chains," and liſtened with wild amaze to the account of "the clock ſtriking twelve," and the appearance of "the tall armed figure with waving plumes, who ſpoke not a word."

Emily, when aſked what ſhe thought of the ſtory, ventured to ſay, with a face ſuffuſed with bluſhes—"That Sir Martin was too curious, but ſhe was glad, very glad indeed, as he was ſo good and brave, that he eſcaped from the old caſtle without injury."

CHAP.

CHAP. XVII.

" There is not a more promiſing ſign in a young perſon, than a readineſs to hear the advice of thoſe whoſe age and experience qualify them for judging maturely.

" Life is a journey, and they only who have travelled a conſiderable way in it, are fit to direct thoſe who are ſetting out."

BURGH's Dignity of Human Nature.

THE next time the Lorton and Marriot families met, the Colonel related what had paſſed, and favoured Dr. Marriot and Edward with the peruſal of the ſtory of Sir Martin, and the haunted caſtle. They expreſſed great approbation of the method the Colonel had taken to diveſt his family of their terrours with regard to ghoſts, and the Doctor

Doctor highly applauded the religious turn given to the concluſion of the narrative.

The frequent viſits of the two families now tending towards ſome intereſting explanations, were interrupted by the departure of Emily to London.

Mrs. Wilſon, a diſtant relation of her mother, who, as has been before hinted, had lent the Colonel a ſum of money for the improvement of his eſtate, earneſtly requeſted her company to paſs ſome time with her in town. The reaſon ſhe urged was, that ſhe wiſhed to ſtrengthen her connection with his family, for which ſhe profeſſed a great regard, and was very deſirous to give Emily the advantages of completing her education, and being introduced into ſuch ſociety as ſhe had no opportunity of ſeeing at home. The Colonel thought this viſit likely to prove highly advantageous to his daughter in all theſe reſpects; and as he was under ſuch obligations to Mrs. Wilſon, he was anxious to accede to her propoſal, particularly as Mrs. Mapleton concurred with him in opinion.

nion. He wrote to Mrs. Wilſon, to expreſs his ready acceptance of her offer, not ſuſpecting, as he had heard little of her mode of life, for a conſiderable time, that ſhe had made a great progreſs in diſſipation.

" I am going," ſaid Colonel Lorton to Emily, " to give Mrs. Wilſon the greateſt proof of my confidence, by placing you under her care. I well know, that at preſent for my ſake, and very ſoon for your own, as ſhe cannot be inſenſible to your merit, ſhe will render you every act of kindneſs;—but there are attentions which ſhe is unable to pay to you.

" With reſpect to manners, and all the exterior poliſh of faſhionable life, you cannot have a better inſtructor; but as I am apprehenſive of her neglect of what I deem far more eſſential to your future comfort and happineſs, I muſt endeavour to ſupply the deficiency, and attend to the moral diſcipline of your mind. I muſt keep you upon the alert, my dear Emily, as I uſed to do my regiment. There muſt be vigilance to prevent deſertion,

and

and occupation to exclude idleneſs—we muſt take care to guard againſt that inſidious, ſubtle, and inſinuating enemy, an exceſſive love of Pleaſure, and all will be well.—Suppoſe we agree to keep up a regular correſpondence?"

"Nothing, my dear Sir," ſaid Emily, "will give me more pleaſure: and from the variety of objects I ſhall ſee, and the numerous parties into which I ſhall be introduced, I think I ſhall not want ſubjects to entertain you."

"In my letters to you," ſaid the Colonel, "it will be my endeavour, in conformity with the former courſe of your education, to ſtrengthen your religious principles, to improve you in various branches of knowledge, and to fix your attention upon ſuch topics as may enrich, refine, and enlarge your mind. I ſhall direct you to ſubjects rather uſeful, than ornamental; and thus I ſhall enable you to lay up a valuable ſtock of wiſdom and knowledge for future years; for ſhould you *marry*, you will thus be better qualified both

both to communicate information to your children, and to be a judge of the inſtructions moſt proper for them to receive: or if you remain *ſingle*, your hours of leiſure, uninterrupted by the cares of a family, may be moſt pleaſantly filled up by purſuing, to any extent you pleaſe, your progreſs in uſeful ſtudies."

"Such purſuits, my dear father," ſaid Emily, "will have every claim to my beſt attention, particularly as they will be endeared by your recommendation."

"Never forget," continued the Colonel, "the ineſtimable value of *Time:* it is a treaſure entruſted to our care, and we are reſponſible to our great Creator for the uſe we make of it. Time once gone is loſt for ever; and you may as well attempt to call back the rapid ſtream of the Greeta, or ſtop the clouds now flying over Borrowdale, as recover the hours that are gone. The ſtream, the clouds, and the hours all move with a courſe we cannot control, and are all equally irrevocable.

"Look

" Look upon every day as a blank leaf of a memorandum-book, given to you to fill up with notices of ſome uſeful, or at leaſt ſome harmleſs employment; and remember that whatever you write in it, can never be blotted out. Take care therefore not to inſert any thing that will excite the bluſh of ſhame, or the tear of regret. I hope you will read every one of theſe memoranda with pleaſure fifty years hence, and you will do well to think now, in what manner you will then wiſh you had paſſed this prime of your life.

" Above all things, my Emily, avoid *idleneſs*, for it is not only allied to folly, but to vice. Be aſſured too that it reduces a perſon to a very vexatious and even painful ſtate: I never knew an idler who was not infinitely more perplexed and uncomfortable for want of ſomething to do, than the diligent ever are when doing what they ought.

" With regard to the *ſubjects* of your *letters* to me, I wiſh to leave them intirely to your own choice, in order that you may write

to me with ſpirit and pleaſure, for I prefer half a dozen lines written from the heart, at the moment you are animated by ſome favourite ſubject, to whole ſheets compoſed with reluctance, merely becauſe you are under the neceſſity of correſponding with your father. Leave journals to ſailors and travellers, and imitate Miſs Byron, the heroine of Sir Charles Grandiſon, in every thing but her prolix details of minute occurrences."

"Theſe kind expreſſions of your reliance on my judgment," ſaid Emily, "I will endeavour to deſerve. Upon whatever ſubjects I ſhall think of ſufficient importance to communicate, I am reſolved to write without reſerve: for by concealing any circumſtances, which it is my duty to impart, or by dreſſing them up in deceitful colours, ſhall I not forſake the path of truth, which your example as well as your inſtructions have always taught me to purſue? Shall I not forfeit your love, without which my life would ceaſe to be an enjoyment?"

In the courſe of the converſation, Emily

diſcovered ſigns of dejection—"I am going," ſaid ſhe, "to London, into ſcenes of elegance and refinement; but educated, as I have been, in the country, and conſcious of my ſlender abilities and attainments, I ſhall appear to great diſadvantage among thoſe girls, who have had every aſſiſtance to improve their talents, and are adorned with the moſt faſhionable accompliſhments."

"Take courage, my dear," replied her father, "and be aſſured, that among perſons of ſound ſenſe, ſuch unaſſuming ſimplicity of character, and deſire to pleaſe, as you poſſeſs, will be ſufficient recommendations to notice and eſteem. Nor are you ſo deficient in accompliſhments as your diffidence induces you to ſuppoſe; and if you ſhould prove inferior to many ladies of faſhion, who I have heard are finiſhed painters, muſicians, and dancers, you will have this conſolation—as you neither challenge competition, nor demand praiſe, you will awaken no jealouſy; ſince they will not conſider you as a rival, they may be pleaſed to give you many uſeful hints as an admirer

of their talents, and a humble imitator of their excellence. The London ladies may boaſt of more ſhowy attainments, but they cannot juſtly pride themſelves upon inſtructions, which have objects in view ſuperior to your own. Leave to them the oſtentatious diſplay of accompliſhments, envy them not the fruits of forced cultivation, which only impoveriſh the ſoil of the mind, and make it incapable of producing future plenty. If I have purſued a right method with you, the propriety of my plan will be juſtified by the courſe of events, and the progreſs of time, when you will be placed in new ſituations, and be obliged to act for yourſelf; when prudence and reſolution muſt be called into action, and you muſt practiſe the leſſons you have been taught. If the Virtues go before, I ſhall be glad to have the Graces follow in their train; but the ſacrifice by which their favour is to be obtained muſt not be made at the expenſe of principle, or by the neglect of any part of moral cultivation.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVIII.

Tell how her manners, by the world refin'd,
Left all the taint of modifh vice behind;
And made each charm of polifh'd crowds agree
With candid Truth's fimplicity,
And uncorrupted Innocence;
Tell—how to more than manly fenfe,
She join'd the foftening influence
Of more than female tendernefs.

Lord LYTTLETON's Monody.

As foon as Edward heard Emily was gone to London, confidering himfelf as cut off, he knew not for how long a period, from her delightful fociety, vexation and forrow took poffeffion of his mind. Fortunately, the fummer vacation was expired, and he found no inconfiderable relief from his feelings of unhappinefs in change of place, and returning to his ftudies and his companions in the univerfity.

When

When Emily arrived in town, ſhe met with a very cordial reception from Mrs. Wilſon. That lady was the widow of a rich merchant, who left her a very handſome fortune. In addition to an excellent houſe in town ſhe had an elegant villa at Hampſtead. She had married when very young againſt the conſent of her parents, and unlike her couſin, Mrs. Lorton, in every reſpect except her ſocial diſpoſition, ſhe had been ſpoiled by too much indulgence; ſhe had been unchecked by thoſe ſalutary reſtraints in the early part of life, which however irkſome at the time, become ultimately invaluable benefits, as general experience proves, and every ſenſible perſon, who has ſubmitted to them, is willing to acknowledge.

Faſhion was the idol which Mrs. Wilſon worſhipped: ſhe diſplayed all its exceſſes in her dreſs, furniture, and equipage, and her choice of the various articles ſhe thought neceſſary to keep up her celebrity was often dictated by the moſt ſhort-lived caprice. At one time the Mandarin, Seve, or Dreſden porcelain

porcelain were all the rage—at another ſhe affected to be patriotic, and aſſerted the ſuperior excellence of Britiſh manufactures, and then her rooms were decorated with Worceſter and Derby china. One day her dreſſing-tables, cabinets, and commodes, were all of ſatin-wood; on another, they were exchanged for roſe, and the chairs and ſofas lately covered with ſilk, were ſoon after enveloped in chintz. She was equally as mutable in regard to her carriages, the faſhion of her liveries, and the choice of her lap-dogs.

Although ſhe always roſe very late, much time hung heavy upon her hands: ſhe however contrived to get rid of many hours by her morning calls—that is, by driving from ſtreet to ſtreet, and hearing her footman thunder at the doors of her friends; but ſhe would have been ſhocked at the awkward and embarraſſing vulgarity of any one of their porters, had he told the truth, and informed her that his miſtreſs was at home.

In ſhort, ſince the time Colonel Lorton had laſt viſited Mrs. Wilſon, or heard much of

of her habits of life, ſhe had made great progreſs in what ſhe thought refinement. She was well verſed in the language of polite affectation. She profeſſed to be tranſported with joy if one lady came early to her houſe, and ſhe was almoſt dead with fear that ſome diſaſter had happened if another arrived late. She bewailed Miſs C.'s misfortune, becauſe ſhe had broke one of her bracelets; and as her grief was always in exact proportion to the rank of her viſitors, ſhe told Lady O—— ſhe had been much diſtreſſed ever ſince ſhe heard of her having loſt an ear-ring at the Opera; and ſhe aſſured the Ducheſs of S——, in the moſt ſorrowful tone, ſhe had been abſolutely inconſolable, becauſe ſome villain had run away with her Grace's lap-dog.

The evening after Emily arrived in London, Mrs. Wilſon gave a concert and ſupper, to which all her acquaintance, without any regard to their various ranks and ſituations in life, were invited. Her exceſſive vanity prompted her to attempt to rival entertainments

ments given by ladies of large fortune and high rank, to which ſhe had once or twice been invited.

The inceſſant thundering at the door for ſome hours announced the arrival of the viſitors; their carriages rattled through the ſquare, and their ſervants thronged the hall. They conſiſted chiefly of thoſe volatile characters, who are inſtigated by the reigning rage for ſociety to go to every place, and know every perſon; who are gregarious rather than ſociable, and often aſſemble for no other purpoſe than to gaze at each other, and ridicule the perſon who gives the party.

Mrs. Wilſon's company was as miſcellaneous as the means adopted to entertain them were extravagant: they conſiſted partly of the acquaintance of her late huſband, and partly of thoſe ſhe had made ſince her removal into her preſent more faſhionable reſidence. They came from the eaſt and the weſt ends of the town: there were merchants from Mark-lane, elbowing peers from Portland-place, city ladies and courtly counteſſes; miſſes

miſſes in their teens and antiquated maids; officers of the guards and captains of the Tower Hamlets; Bond-ſtreet loungers and Cheapſide bucks. Such a crowd compreſſed into a ſmall place changed the atmoſphere of the apartments, and produced the climate of Calcutta in the meridian of London.

A month's preparation had ſcarcely been ſufficient for the reception of theſe motley groupes: carpenters, cabinet-makers, confectioners, and cooks, had been buſily employed to contribute their ſhares to this occaſion; and half a year's income would have been inſufficient to defray the whole expence, had Mrs. Wilſon been ſo old-faſhioned as to make the prompt payment of her bills; but ſo fond was ſhe of having her name recorded in a tradeſman's book, that ſhe never paid, even for a pair of gloves, if credit would be a ſubſtitute for money.

Much good furniture had been exchanged for more ſtyliſh decorations of inferior uſe and value. Two apartments upon the ground-floor were laid into one, in order to give the appear-

appearance of a conſervatory. Geraniums, laurels, myrtles and orange-trees were arranged in large vaſes; various flowers adorned a gay parterre; and upon a light trellis, which croſſed the room in different directions, were entwined branches of vines, from which hung bunches of the moſt expenſive grapes.

The colour of the drawing-room, which was newly fitted up to ſerve as a concert-room, was ſky-blue, with gold-bordered pannels: the draperies were of crimſon-ſatin, and the curtains were embroidered with white velvet. While the eyes of the company were dazzled by theſe rich colours, their ears were treated with the moſt coſtly ſounds. The vocal performers were of the firſt order, and did Mrs. Wilſon the honour of accepting her *notes* in return for their own; they gained more by an hour's attendance to ſing two or three airs, than a curate, who performs the moſt ſacred of all duties, or a ſoldier, who fights the battles of his country, is paid in a year.

The

The tables in the ſupper-room were covered with profuſe delicacies, and the crowded gueſts were regaled with various liqueurs and wines. It was however the etiquette to regard the tables as preſenting a treat rather to the eye than to the palate: the aſparagus wanted colour, as much as the ducklings wanted taſte; thoſe who ate any of the premature dainties of the ſeaſon remarked, that the peas, ſtrawberries, and cherries, tinged with the ſickly hues of forced vegetation, were perfectly inſipid; and they ſuſpected the liqueurs were *town-made*, and that the Champagne and Old Hock had not been long imported from a neighbouring cider-cellar. This conjecture was not improbable, as Mrs. Wilſon was ſupplied with every article of this expenſive feaſt by contract, and had every thing of the worſt quality upon the moſt extravagant terms.

Emily was ſtruck with wonder upon this novel occaſion; for her ſenſes were confounded by the number, the buſtle, and the inceſſant loquacity of the company. She was

was at firſt amuſed with the ſplendid and gay concourſe of belles waving oſtrich feathers, and beaux dangling opera hats; but ſimple and unaccuſtomed to mix in ſo large a party, ſhe felt a deep ſenſe of her own inſignificance; and the only pleaſure ſhe enjoyed was to retire, as ſoon as propriety allowed, to her own apartment, there to meditate on what ſhe had ſeen.

"Why," thought ſhe, "this waſte of money, this parade rather than enjoyment of a feaſt, this confuſion of night with day? all which only attract a crowd to give them an opportunity to laugh at the expenſive exertions made to regale them, and to complain of diſtreſſes of their own creating. One lady was miſerable, becauſe ſhe had loſt the party ſhe came with; another exclaimed ſhe was ſuffocated with heat; and a third told a diſaſtrous ſtory of a pannel of her newly-painted carriage being broken in attempting to paſs another in the ſquare. But theſe faſhionable people are thoughtleſs and cruel, as well as ſelf-tormentors, for they forget that while

while they are overpowering themſelves with heat in crowded rooms, their ſervants and horſes are ſhivering with cold in the ſtreets till break of day, and yet how angry they would be, if any one was even to hint at their *inhumanity?* They are unmindful that although they have all their time at their command, they are paſſing in unſeaſonable diſſipation the hours of night deſtined by Nature to repoſe. At the period their ſlumbers will commence this morning, were I at Lorton Houſe I ſhould be riſing to hail the return of the light and the ſun, or perhaps be employed in reading, or playing on my piano forte."

Deeply impreſſed by theſe reflections, and little reliſhing this initiation into the buſtle of faſhionable life, Emily wiſhed herſelf at home. She had now no garden, where ſhe could ſtray unobſerved and at eaſe with Fanny Flowerdale; ſhe was excluded from "each rural ſight, each rural ſound." Surrounded on all ſides by long-extended ſtreets, and breathing an air impregnated with ſmoke,

ſhe

ſhe could remark no beauties of the advancing ſpring. She could not hear the cooing of the doves from the tall elms in Lorton Grove;—no bleating of lambs upon the Borrowdale mountains. She never went out but in company with Mrs. Wilſon, to make a formal promenade in the ſquare, or attended that lady, cooped up in her carriage, to pay dull viſits of ceremony. She would have expreſſed to her father her deſire of returning home, had ſhe not formed high expectations of improvement from the maſters who were to inſtruct her in dancing, muſic, and drawing.

No ſooner was Emily introduced by Mrs. Wilſon to the large circle of her acquaintance, than ſhe became the object of much intereſt—ſuch was the ſweetneſs of her temper, her affability was ſo engaging, and her manners were ſo unaſſuming, that ſhe had the rare felicity to eſcape the envy of her own ſex, and even to obtain their praiſe. All the moſt cenſorious had to object was—that her complexion was too ruddy, and

that

that it was a pity ſo fine a girl as Miſs Lorton, had been ſo long buried in the country, and had not ſooner received the advantages of a faſhionable poliſh at ſome finiſhing ſchool in London.

If great attention was paid to her by the ladies, it is natural to ſuppoſe the gentlemen would be particularly aſſiduous in their endeavours to gain her notice. She was ſoon ſurrounded by a crowd of admirers; but although her charms caught every eye, and there were few young men of faſhion, who did not ſeize every opportunity of addreſſing the moſt complimentary ſpeeches to her, yet her native modeſty by giving her an air of reſerve, awed them into reſpect, and kept them at a diſtance. She was grateful for their efforts to pleaſe her, her mind however was ſo truly noble and free from vanity, that ſhe was rather amuſed than gratified, even by their moſt delicate flattery.

THE

CORRESPONDENCE.

At this period commenced the correſpondence between Colonel Lorton and his daughter, and it was carried on for more than two years, during her ſtay at Mrs. Wilſon's. They conducted it in ſuch a manner, as did honour to them both, and contributed to their mutual ſatisfaction; for their communications were always cordial, and unreſerved. Emily gave her father a very entertaining account of the company ſhe was introduced to; her deſcriptions of characters ſhowed great acuteneſs of obſervation, and was often enlivened by touches of genuine humour, and delicate pleaſantry; but as ſhe had the ſtricteſt regard for pro-

priety and truth, and was always influenced by genuine goodneſs of heart, her deſcriptions were neither weakened by prolixity, ſwelled by exaggeration, nor degraded by ſcandal.

Her father, on his part, endeavoured to fulfil his promiſe by making his Letters as inſtructive as he could. They were the fruits of his moſt diligent inquiries, and deliberate reflections. He often gave up his walks and rides, and even interrupted the ſuperintendance of his favourite farm, and the inſpection of the labours of his workmen, when any ſubject for a Letter to Emily occurred to him.

And this Correſpondence was no ſmall ſolace and relief for her long abſence, during which he had the more eaſy taſk of education, to confirm virtuous habits rather than to inſtil the firſt principles; and well knowing that Emily was fond of variety, he diverſified his ſubjects, as far as he judged to be conſiſtent with the due cultivation of her mind.

The

The following Letters are ſelected from the number Colonel Lorton wrote to Emily. They aroſe from the occaſions alluded to in them, and each will be found to have a reference to ſome principle of religion, or ſome topic of uſeful knowledge; and all by their united influence conduce to raiſe the mind above the levities of faſhion, the danger of diſſipation, and the folly of frivolous purſuits, and fix it upon its moſt important duties, and moſt beneficial improvement.

LETTER I.

COLONEL LORTON TO HIS DAUGHTER.

THE IMPROVEMENT OF THE MIND.

YOUR remarks upon the practice of the young ladies of your acquaintance in London, as well as my own obſervations upon thoſe I meet with in the country convince me, that the eagerneſs for acquiring accompliſhments is become a general faſhion, and girls are obliged to employ by far too much of their time in attemping to be proficients in dancing, drawing, and more particularly in muſic. I can ſee no objection to a girl, in a genteel ſituation in life, learning and purſuing any of them, if ſhe has a genius for it; but in the name of propriety, I wiſh to proteſt againſt that indiſcriminate rage for accompliſhments, which now pervades all ranks

ranks—from the daughter of a duke to the daughter of a farmer; as if female education could not be complete, unleſs all girls above the degree of a peaſant, were educated exactly in the ſame manner, and the whole harmony and welfare of ſociety depended upon being taught to play upon the piano forte, and ſing Italian ſongs.

At the time I make this obſervation, I am not at all inclined to detract from the advantages that are generally aſcribed to accompliſhments. They undoubtedly ſerve to fill up in an agreeable and harmleſs manner many vacant hours. Muſic and dancing are excellent ſubſtitutes for card-playing, which although it may anſwer the purpoſe of thoſe who are advancing in life, as the moſt agreeable method of paſſing many of their hours, is certainly not ſo well adapted to the active diſpoſition, and the vivacity of the young. Muſic, the moſt faſhionable of all accompliſhments, has a tendency to ſoften the temper, and improve the taſte; and if a girl has a genius for it, ſhe cannot fail to

acquire

acquire in the progreſs of her improvement a refined pleaſure, which is much heightened by the conſideration, that ſhe communicates to others, while ſhe is playing, a great ſhare of the delight ſhe feels.

The influence of theſe accompliſhments is extenſive and powerful; for what man is there of ſo moroſe a temper, as not to be ſenſible of the additional attractions they beſtow upon their fair poſſeſſor. Their effects are evident in the looks of delight, and the expreſſions of approbation which are beſtowed by their friends upon ſuch young females, as can ſing and play with taſte, correctneſs, and ſpirit,—as can ſhow the elegant productions of their pencil, or like the graces, can "trip on the light fantaſtic toe."

Having made theſe allowances in favour of accompliſhments, I now wiſh you to conſider their *relative* value. By relative I mean as they are connected with the well being and happineſs of mortals, whoſe life is ſhort, who are accountable for the uſe of their time, and have various duties to perform; who

who are ſent into the world not only to attract the attention of admirers by external graces, but are deſigned to inſpire affection, and deſerve eſteem by their amiable tempers, good ſenſe, and improved underſtandings: and if they enter into the married ſtate, the diſcharge of the moſt uſeful and important duties, may reaſonably be expected from them, as the mothers of families, and the guides of their children in the paths of religion and uſeful knowledge.

A little reflection will, I hope, convince you, that mere accompliſhments cannot ſecure the qualifications neceſſary to form theſe important characters, as they afford no moral or literary improvement to the mind: they can neither make you more virtuous, nor more wiſe; they have more of the *mechanical*, than the *intellectual* in them, and they employ the eyes, the hands, and the feet, rather than the underſtanding, the head, and the heart.

In ſhort, they are ſuperficial, the mere appendages to youth and beauty: and do not

not conſtitute their ſolid and permanent excellence. They are to the mind what fringe and lace and ribbons are to your dreſs, not its eſſential parts, but its pleaſing embelliſhments. Thus the trellis entwined with flowers in the front of a houſe, or the ornaments that decorate the Corinthian pillar, are both of them beautiful to the eye; but neither is abſolutely neceſſary, or conducive to the ſupport or uſes of the building.

How ſoon is the ſeaſon of accompliſhments gone, when the ſingle is changed for the married ſtate! Of dancing few opportunities may occur to the wife; forſaken are her pencils, or they are only taken up again to amuſe her children; and how rare is it to find her piano-forte kept in tune, when the cares of the mother have ſucceeded to the amuſements of the girl. How long does ſhe continue her application to muſic, for the mere intrinſic pleaſure of the practice? If ſhe has a family, ſhe can have little time to ſpare for Mozart, or Haydn, and if ſhe has a good taſte, ſhe will ſoon prefer to her

own

own imperfect and interrupted performances, the more indolent pleasure of hearing the best music at a regular concert.

If then the reign of these accomplishments is so short, and they are likely to be superseded by other occupations, as you advance in life, you must be convinced, that they are rather to be valued for conferring present amusement, than for any permanent and long continued advantages; of course they cannot be brought into competition with useful knowledge, and solid improvement.

And by what methods you may ask me, can *such* acquirements be made?

I answer, by attending to the conversation of the virtuous, the ingenious, the wise, and the experienced, and by the perusal of well chosen books. The former is highly desirable, and one of the most rational objects of your ambition: but as you cannot always gain admittance into the most improving company, you must find out the best substitute for it you can. Deprived of the society of your excellent Friends Mrs. Mapleton

Mapleton and Dr. Marriot; you muſt ſeek inſtruction and entertainment in the pages of Addiſon, Johnſon, and the Marchioneſs de Lambert. And you may be aſſured, that as long as I can command money, after providing for the ſupply of our common comforts, you ſhall never be without the company of thoſe ſilent monitors of life, thoſe inoffenſive and pleaſing companions, thoſe anodynes of the troubled mind, which a well choſen library can always ſupply.

Recollect the advice I gave you on the neceſſity of improving your time. Employ ſome portion of every day in reading, tranſcribing ſelect paſſages from the beſt authors, and committing the moſt pleaſing of them to memory. In the courſe of your reading, endeavour to form a habit of cloſe attention. *Give your mind to your author*, remembering that whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well; and never flatter yourſelf, that a book, which may be replete with genius, learning, or acute obſervations, perhaps the tardy fruit of many a ſtudious, year,

year, and the moſt elaborate effort of an author's life can be fully comprehended by a ſuperficial reader, who turns over the pages, as faſt as ſhe can. You may almoſt as well ſuppoſe, that you can ſee all the company at a crowded rout or ball, the moment you enter the room; or can diſtinguiſh with one glance of your eye, all the lakes, rivers, vallies, and villages, that may be ſeen from the top of Skiddaw, or Helvellin.

If you read *too haſtily*, you will learn nothing, and the ideas of an author will glide before your mind like the viſions of a dream; they will be broken, confuſed, and tranſient. If you read with attention, you will ſee the ſcope of a work, and comprehend the full meaning of an author; you will ſtrengthen your memory, as well as exerciſe your judgment, and you will have abundant reaſon to be pleaſed with your own acquiſitions of knowledge, which will be highly valuable, either as ſubjects for ſolitary reflection, or practical uſe.

Every

Every inducement conſpires to direct your attention to well ſelected books, as a principal means to enrich and adorn your mind. To your ſex whoſe ſituations in life are neceſſarily more retired and domeſtic than thoſe of men, books are of peculiar uſe, as they enlarge your views of the world, and correct the wrong and contracted opinions you may be apt to form of mankind. They may be recommended to women for the ſame reaſon they are to princes, as antidotes to ignorance and flattery—Books will ſhow them many a uſeful example, and teach them many a wholeſome truth, which ſome of the perſons who ſurround them cannot, and others will not communicate to them.

Books are the reſources of ſolitude, and the ſoothers of care—they can render you independant of the world for amuſement, and give you, whenever you pleaſe, a quiet and rational entertainment in exchange for noiſe and crouds. They hold out an inducement for you to retire from the impertinence of the vain, and the folly of the ignorant,

norant, to enjoy the wit, the learning, and the experience of ſenſible men of all ages and countries. They provide an effectual antidote againſt that *Ennui*, which fatally preys upon the diſſipated and the idle, they prevent the neceſſity of frivolous amuſements, and cenſorious converſation, and by furniſhing new and entertaining topics for converſation multiply the materials and enhance the value of ſocial enjoyments.

Reading may be made a ſocial, as well as a ſolitary occupation. Thus one perſon may entertain many others in a domeſtic party, and they may make the valuable diſcovery, that their hours may be agreeably paſſed without the neceſſity of playing at cards, or talking down their neighbours.

I am confident if you recollect the pleaſure we uſed to enjoy in our reading hours in Cumberland, you will acknowledge the excellence of this plan. With what impatience did we anticipate the arrival of any new and improving work; with what ardour did we peruſe it; on what rapid wings did our

hours

hours of ſtudy fly away, and what copious materials did we collect for converſation during our walks and rides.

It is doubtleſs very natural for a woman who has been once celebrated for a handſome perſon to be deſirous of ſupporting her reputation for it by every method her ingenuity can deviſe. She cannot eaſily give up her darling idea of pleaſing by the ſame means now ſhe is old, which ſhe poſſeſſed in her youth; and ſhe wiſhes to keep the ſame command over her admirers: but, alas! they ſee not the flowers of the ſpring in the the decline of autumn or in the froſts of winter, though ſhe may wiſh them to do ſo; they have not been inattentive obſervers of the progreſs of age, they have remarked its ravages, and are prepared to transfer their praiſes to other beauties now flouriſhing and in their prime.

Such a woman may do well to conſider how ſhe differs from thoſe girls who ſurround her, and who are now in poſſeſſion of thoſe attractions ſhe no longer retains. Surely

theſe

theſe remarks may confirm your perſuaſion how neceſſary it is to acquire that mental beauty, and thoſe charms of a cultivated un ſtanding, which can ſurvive the bloom of complexion, and will flouriſh, when the gaiety of youth is no more.

Some part of the moſt pleaſing and uſeful knowledge may be drawn from books, by occaſionally conſulting them. The name of a perſon, place, plant, animal, or other production of nature or art mentioned in converſation, or a newspaper; a building, river, or town obſerved in the courſe of a journey, frequently excite our curioſity: we want to know more particulars concerning them, than we can collect upon the road, and we have a very lively feeling of this want. Purſue the inquiry the firſt opportunity you can apply to books of reference, and you will have great ſatisfaction in theſe accidental additions to your knowledge: you will retain them with much greater eaſe, than any other topic, in which you were not ſo particularly intereſted, and when the

ſame

ſame ſubjects occur again, you may be able to give information inſtead of being obliged to aſk it, and perhaps to aſk in vain.

If I thought your reading had the moſt diſtant tendency to make you vain and arrogant, I ſhould caution you againſt ever looking into any books, except your bible and prayer book. While you are acquiring ideas in common with the other ſex, you muſt ſtill nouriſh that modeſt reſerve, which is the faireſt ornament of your own. Make, I deſire you, no attempt at diſplay to bring forward your knowledge, leſt you "overſtep the modeſty of nature."

The beauty of learning is never ſo faſcinating, as when ſeen through the veil of diffidence. Cultivate that ſenſe of propriety, which is at once the guard and the charm of every female virtue. And be aſſured, my Emily, that the learning and talents of a Montague, a Carter, or a Barbault, would loſe half their value, unleſs accompanied by the gentleneſs of manners and delicacy of mind,

which are I believe juſtly attributed to thoſe diſtinguiſhed ladies.

Preſumption and conceit are the ſure ſigns of ſuperficial attainments: the ſcioliſt ſtands, as it were, in a low vale, and can ſee but a little way before him. The true ſcholar, as he is higher advanced, can command a more extenſive proſpect, but he perceives hills riſing above hills around him, and his preſumption is abated by the reflection, that the ſhortneſs of life allows him only time to travel over a ſmall part of the wide regions of knowledge. Who was a greater philoſopher than *Newton*, who a more accompliſhed ſcholar than *Addiſon*, yet both were remarkable for their diffidence?

Confidence, my Emily, ought only to be the reſult of very great and acknowledged proficiency, and perfection is a beautiful idea, which may flatter our imagination, but has no real exiſtence in the works of man. How empty is our boaſt, that we have arrived at the end of our journey, when we have

have only advanced a few miles on the road!

But take courage, I make not theſe obſervations to intimidate, but to caution you: to the efforts you have already made to improve your mind, add perſeverance. Every ſtep you take will carry you farther from ignorance, the point from which you firſt ſet out; and your gradual exertions will lead you on, till you make nearer and nearer approaches to the abode of wiſdom herſelf.

I have written this long, but I truſt not unintereſting letter to induce you to attend to the improvement of your mind, and to conſider every mere accompliſhment as a matter of inferior value. I know you to be of an inquiſitive temper, and very eager for information. Such a turn of mind may be directed to the beſt uſe, if you employ a proper portion of your time in the manner I have recommended. Wiſdom opens her treaſures to you, ſhe diſcloſes the ſublime truths of Chriſtianity, the hiſtory of paſt

ages, the productions of genius, and the leſſons of experience. Nature diſplays to you her beauties and her wonders viſible in the fertile earth, the ſtarry heavens, and the wide ocean. All theſe are objects that invite reſearch, and will reward your inquiries; objects worthy of the ſtudy and the contemplation of a rational being,—an accountable agent—an heir of immortality.

From theſe copious treaſures endeavour my Emily to draw the true riches of the mind, ſuch as are ſuperior to the levities of faſhion, independent of the viciſſitudes of fortune, and unimpaired by the lapſe of time—I mean the conſtant practice of perſevering virtue and rational piety, the acquirement of uſeful knowledge, a delight in performing every branch of duty, a taſte for good and improving company, a diſpoſition to be pleaſed with the common enjoyments of life, and to be happy by endeavouring to make all around you ſo.

Theſe are the good qualities and habits in whatever relation of life diſplayed, whether

in

in the *daughter*, the *ſiſter*, the *wife*, or the *mother*, which are calculated to refine the female character to the greateſt degree of moral purity, to raiſe it to the higheſt pitch of earthly excellence, and to impart to it a portion of angelic beauty and lovelineſs.

LET-

LETTER II.

From the ſame to the ſame.

ON DIVINE PROVIDENCE.

ALTHOUGH the world into which you are now entering may at preſent appear a ſcene of unmixed gaiety and pleaſure, yet you will be convinced before many years have paſſed, that vexation and care, diſappointment and ſorrow, are the unavoidable burthens laid upon all mankind, at one period of life or other. That you may bear the portion of weight which will fall to your lot with the greater eaſe, and practice the Chriſtian virtue of reſignation—that under all the adverſe circumſtances of life, you may have a copious fountain of comfort ariſing from your own mind, I wiſh you to

be

be convinced, that all human affairs are under the control of Divine Providence, and that however gloomy their aſpect at any time may be, they have a tendency to produce our final welfare and happineſs.

How fully the authority of Scripture, the records of hiſtory, and our own experience concur to eſtabliſh this conſoling and important article of belief, will I think be evident, if you will duly conſider the following arguments.

With reſpect to Scripture, the doctrine not only of a general providence, by which all things are ſo regulated as to be preſerved in due order, is inculcated; but that of a particular providence may be proved from almoſt every page of the Bible. The Children of Iſrael were led by the eſpecial guidance of the Almighty to the promiſed land; their whole hiſtory is miraculous, and diſplays the ſtretched-out arm of Jehovah to ſuccour and preſerve them.

What is the whole train of prophecies reaching from the firſt intimation of the Meſſiah

Meſſiah of the Jews, the Redeemer of mankind, given to conſole our firſt parents after the fall to their full conſummation in the Perſon, Actions, and Sufferings of our bleſſed Saviour?—And what were the revelations of the divine will made upon extraordinary occaſions to the illuſtrious favourites of Heaven, ſuch as Abraham, Moſes, David, Daniel, Hezekiah, Job, Ruth, Eſther, and the Virgin Mary, but manifeſt proofs of the ſame truth?

The doctrine derives great ſupport from one plain argument of reaſon. An all-powerful Being, ſuch as we believe the Deity to be, cannot poſſibly be excluded from any place; He is therefore every where preſent: and it is inconceivable to ſuppoſe, that He is an inactive ſpectator, and does not exerciſe his ſupreme wiſdom, as far as is conſiſtent with the free will of his rational creatures: *the eye of the Lord is in every place, beholding the evil and the good.* This is a brief, but very ſtrong and explicit declaration, and proves that the Almighty extends his regard

to

to all things, and that nothing paſſes, or indeed can paſs, without his obſervation.

It muſt be clear to every one who examines the hiſtory of mankind, that great events have often been effected by trifling means—that the conſequences of actions have been often much more extenſive, more happy or calamitous, than were originally intended by the agents themſelves—that the deſigns of Providence have been ſometimes effected by the caprice of human tempers, or the impetuoſity of human paſſions; and that fraud, cruelty, oppreſſion, and violence, have met with juſt, though ſometimes delayed puniſhment. The reſult of actions has been, in many caſes, widely different from the ends propoſed by thoſe who planned them, and even great revolutions have been effected contrary to the intentions of the perſons who were the chief inſtruments of them.

That the conviction of ſuch interpoſition is calculated to make a powerful impreſſion upon the mind, and to call forth lively acknowledg-

knowledgments of gratitude, is evident from many inſtances in the hiſtory of our own country. After the battle of Poictiers, gained by a ſmall army of Engliſhmen over numerous hoſts of the French, Edward, the Black Prince, addreſſed his captive, King John, with expreſſions of eſteem and ſympathy, and far from arrogating any merit to himſelf, aſcribed his victory ſolely to the favour of divine Providence. When the Spaniſh Armada was defeated, Queen Elizabeth cauſed medals to be ſtruck, upon which were repreſented the Spaniſh ſhips diſperſed by a ſtorm with this appropriate motto, "God cauſed the winds to blow, and they are ſcattered." And that the ſpirit of piety has been preſerved among the heroes of our own times, we may prove by referring to the brave Nelſon, who, in his late diſpatches, attributed his ſignal victory in the bay of Aboukir to "Almighty God."

For the moſt ſtriking proofs of the ſuperintendence of divine Providence, we may appeal to the courſe of our own experience.

Have

Have we ever been afflicted by ſickneſs? how often has Hope renovated our exhauſted ſpirits, and ſpoken peace to our troubled ſouls! Aſk thoſe who have been in poverty and want—have they never received relief at a time when they gave themſelves up for loſt? has not ſome kind friend ſuccoured them like a guardian angel? Has there not been in the life of every one ſome extraordinary coincidence of circumſtances equally out of the reach of his power to produce?

The unthinking may talk of chance and good luck, but theſe are only ſounds without ſenſe, plauſible names which mean nothing, when applied to the important concerns of our lives. Be aſſured, that the whole ſcheme of our exiſtence has been planned by a wiſe and benevolent Power; that nothing happens without his knowledge and permiſſion; and that, as there is nothing which with reſpect to his Preſcience is unforeſeen, ſo there is nothing which with reſpect to his Providence is caſual. We may ſometimes borrow a uſeful leſſon even upon ſubjects of religion from

from the heathen writers. The ſatyriſt Juvenal, for inſtance, has recommended the belief of a divine Providence, and reliance upon it as the beſt means to diſpel the fears, and repreſs the anxiety of mankind.

> Receive my counſel, and ſecurely move,
> Intruſt thy fortune to the Powers above:
> Leave them to manage for thee, and to grant
> What their unerring wiſdom ſees the want:
> In goodneſs as in greatneſs they excel,
> Ah! that we lov'd ourſelves but half ſo well!
>
> DRYDEN'S Juvenal, Sat. X.

But what in a pagan writer could be only conjecture, or at moſt probability, with reſpect to the diſcovery of this doctrine, in a Chriſtian aſſumes the ſubſtance of certainty, derived from the greateſt and beſt authority; and the aſſurance of Scripture is no leſs conſolatory than true. "Behold the fowls of the air, for they ſow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them: Are ye not much better than they? Which of you by taking thought can add one

one cubit unto his ſtature? And why take ye thought for raiment? Conſider the lilies of the field, how they grow—they toil not, neither do they ſpin; and yet I ſay unto you, that even Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of theſe. Wherefore if God ſo clothe the graſs, which to-day is, and to-morrow is caſt into the oven, ſhall he not much more clothe you, oh ye of little faith?"

I ſhall only ſuggeſt to you, in a few words, ſome of the principal advantages to be derived from a firm perſuaſion of the truth of this doctrine.

It convinces us of the folly, or rather the ſin, of that exceſſive ſolicitude, which many perſons ſhow for the good things of this world—particularly for its riches—a ſolicitude which deprives them of the enjoyments they can command, and makes them querulous and wretched, even when in poſſeſſion of the means of comfort.

It is a great ſource of conſolation in times of

of difficulty and diſtreſs: What though the evils of life preſs hard upon me, and I am ſurrounded by dangers; what though the ſtorm impends, the thunders roll, and the lightnings flaſh, I will remain firm and unſhaken at my poſt; for I have an Almighty Protector, whoſe eye can penetrate the darkneſs of the ſtorm, who will enable me either to bear its violence with fortitude, or will preſent to me ſome method of eſcaping it.

Supported by this belief, the *poor* man ſmiles in his clay-built cottage. He is convinced, that the Almighty is his friend; and that he marks his diſtreſſes; and although for the trial of his virtues many comforts are denied him in this world, he looks forward with certain hope to that heaven, where want and hardſhip will be no more.

To the *rich* man it cannot fail to be ſalutary; it abates his pride, and awes him into reſpect for the rights of others; it induces him to condeſcend to men of low eſtate, from the conviction, that he has a Maſter in heaven,

heaven, who is above all, who views all his actions, and will call him to give an account of his ſtewardſhip.

And if *we* have a firm perſuaſion of it, my Emily, we may riſe in the morning to purſue our daily occupations, and retire to reſt at night with equal compoſure; aſſured, that we are ſuperintended by a Guardian, who "neither ſlumbers nor ſleeps," and whoſe inceſſant vigilance is our beſt ſecurity.

LETTER III.

From the ſame to the ſame.

ON CHRISTIAN CHARITY.

You tell me, that your friend Lady S—— made a merit of giving money to a beggar upon a public road, and you very properly doubt, whether ſuch an act can be rightly deemed an act of genuine charity. If ſhe thought that it conſtituted the whole duty of charity, ſhe had certainly a very imperfect notion of the ſubject. She might yield to the impulſe of thoſe generous feelings, which ſhowed the goodneſs of her heart, but I wiſh you to conſider, that as *Chriſtians* we ought to act from principle, as well as ſenſibility, and

and you may be aſſured that oſtentation can form no part of true charity.

It appears from holy Scripture, that Charity, the nobleſt and beſt of the virtues, flows from the pureſt motives—the love of God our Creator, and Chriſt our Redeemer, and is of ſo comprehenſive a nature, as to include all the thoughts, words, and actions, benevolence can dictate; and embraces all the duties we owe to mankind. The practice of it, ariſing from theſe motives, is of the higheſt value and importance; for we are aſſured that our Saviour will reward, as an act of *perſonal* kindneſs to himſelf, any exerciſe of it even to the humbleſt of his followers—*In as much as you did it unto one of the leaſt of theſe my brethren, you did it unto me.*

In order that you may fill up the defects of this ſketch, I deſire you to read the eloquent and very copious deſcription, which St. Paul has given of Charity in the firſt Epiſtle to the Corinthians, and I entreat you to be very attentive to the train of his argument—*Though I beſtow all my goods to*

feed the poor, said the Apostle, *and have not Charity, it profiteth me nothing.* Perhaps you may ask, can I perform so benevolent an office, as that here described, and yet be destitute of Charity? Yes, you certainly may; for you may feed the poor from motives of ostentation or vain glory, and may not be influenced at all by the principle, the pure and disinterested principle, which gives it all its value in the sight of God.

Observe too the particular caution of our blessed Saviour—*When thou givest thine alms, do it secretly, and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly.* This precept is as excellent in regard to the delicacy that may be due to the feelings of the receiver, as with respect to the sincerity of the giver: But as acts of public beneficence are equally conducive to the honour of God, and the good of society, they are as strongly recommended upon the same high authority—*Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.*

Thus

Thus you may be led to notice the diſtinction which prevails between notoriety and oſtentation. The *motive* for doing an action, and the *manner* in which it is done, conſtitute this diſtinction; and if this be the caſe, it is even poſſible, that the perſon who relieves an object of charity in the preſence of a crowd, *may* act from a principle as pure, as thoſe "who do good by ſtealth, and bluſh to find it fame."

As gratitude is only the growth of generous minds, you muſt not expect it to be the invariable fruit of the benefits you confer: no, you muſt act upon nobler conſiderations, than the hope of any temporal rewards, and be ſatisfied with the applauſe of your own heart, and the conviction that you are fulfilling one of the principal duties of life.

Men are ungrateful—be they ſo who dare,
Is that the giver's or receiver's care?
O blind to joys that from true bounty flow,
To think thoſe e'er repent, whoſe hearts beſtow!

The numerous public eſtabliſhments for charitable purpoſes conſtitute much of the true glory of our nation. In them very great and eſſential benefits are imparted to the poor and diſtreſſed by the contributions of individuals, which like drops of rain, however ſmall, unite and augment the general current of Charity. Of theſe inſtitutions none are more uſeful than hoſpitals; and it ought to be remembered for the honour of your ſex, that a Roman lady, whoſe name, I think, was Fabiola, founded the firſt hoſpital. She ſaw wounded ſoldiers left a prey to pain and death, in the ſquares and ſtreets of the city of Rome; her generous heart melted with compaſſion when ſhe heard their piteous complaints, and ſhe cauſed a ſpacious edifice to be built for their reception, where they were ſupplied with proper food and medicines. Thus did theſe very uſeful eſtabliſhments owe their origin to the tender feelings of your ſex, directed by the benevolent principles of Chriſtianity; and that the ſame beneficial union ſtill continues for the

good

good of the more indigent ranks of ſociety, the liſts of ſubſcribers to hoſpitals in all parts of Great Britain furniſh very ſufficient proofs.

To public charities all have not an equal power or opportunity of contributing; but every one poſſeſſing even a ſcanty portion of the good things of this world, can exerciſe private beneficence, in ſome degree or other: ſhe who cannot give much, may give ſomething to the poor and needy; and if it be imparted in the true ſpirit of a Chriſtian, we are aſſured by the expreſs declaration of our Saviour himſelf, that even the cheapeſt and moſt inconſiderable boon, *even a cup of cold water*, will by no means loſe its reward.

I ſhall conclude this letter with giving you an inſtance or two of the virtue I am recommending. They deſerve your attention the more, as they are taken from the walks of middle life, and therefore are open to extenſive imitation.

As I was travelling through the pretty village of A——, I inquired the name of a lady,

lady, whom I ſaw entering a cottage.—"Oh, Sir," replied an old man, "it is Mrs. S——, who has been to ſee my poor wife: ſhe is very ill, and our houſe is not the place for fine ladies to come to; but this dear angel comes every day to relieve her wants, and ſends one of her own children with ſomething nice from her own table. She talks to us all, and relieves any of the pariſh who are ſick, with as much kindneſs as if we belonged to her own family. If a poor child want a coat or a gown, Mrs. S—— does not give the parents the money to buy one, but ſhe purchaſes the materials, and makes it for the child herſelf."

This violet of the vale is concealed indeed in the ſhades of retirement, but ſhe ſcatters ſweets all around her abode. Alas, this excellent woman brings to my mind too lively a remembrance of your dear departed mother! ſuch was her charitable diſpoſition, and ſuch her unoſtentatious bounty to the deſerving poor!

A ſhort time ago the Miſs O——s, who, as you may remember, removed from our village when very young, came to pay a viſit to ſome friends in their old neighbourhood. They recogniſed with fond expreſſions of pleaſure the objects dear to their childhood, and their eyes ſparkled with joy when they reviſited the walks in the garden where they had ſo often played, the old oaks, the rookery, and the weeping willows that hang over the ſtream. But nothing gave them ſo much pleaſure as the ſight of their nurſe, whom they found almoſt blind, and bowed down with years. They made the moſt anxious inquiries after her health and circumſtances, relieved her with a handſome preſent, and the aſſurance of a regular ſupply. Theſe girls had been accuſtomed to very genteel ſociety; they are fine ladies in the beſt ſenſe of the words; but their benevolent feelings have not been blunted by intercourſe with the world, nor has their grateful attachment to the humble friend of their infancy and child-

childhood been ſacrificed to more modiſh connections. When you, my Emily, are inclined to return to your native village, I ſhall ſay to you, and I truſt I ſhall not ſpeak in vain, *Come, and do thou likewiſe.*

So *illuſtrious* are we rendered by the practice of true charity, that our praiſe will never ceaſe; ſo *valuable* is it, that it recommends us to the favour of God, as well as the love of man: ſo *noble* that it is placed at the head of all chriſtian graces—*And now remain Faith, Hope, Charity; but the greateſt of theſe is Charity:* and ſo *extenſive* is the obligation to its performance, that ſo long as poverty, ſorrow, and diſtreſs of any kind, remain in the world, there will be a ſphere for its exerciſe.

I wiſh you particularly to obſerve, that in the two examples I have given you, there is included a great deal of *perſonal* exertion, and the more there is of it, the greater is the excellence, I had almoſt ſaid the merit, of Charity. Suppoſe I give money to a beggar,

gar, and do not examine into his juſt claims to my compaſſion; or if I employ my ſervants to diſtribute alms among thoſe perſons, who, as I am informed, are in want, I ſhow but little comparative zeal in the cauſe of Charity, and may ſubject myſelf to many impoſitions, and conſequently can reap from my endeavours to do good but ſlight ſatisfaction, in compariſon to that I feel, when I take pains to aſcertain that the objects of my bounty are in real diſtreſs.

You may be aſſured, that ſhould you be placed in a high rank of life, you will find the dainties of a coſtly table inſipid, and the ſplendour of a faſhionable equipage joyleſs, in compariſon with "the luxury of doing good" to deſerving objects. The exerciſe of generoſity under the control of diſcretion will produce the greateſt and the moſt permanent ſatisfaction. Expenſe laviſhed upon faſhion, parade, and pomp, "like the baſeleſs fabric of a viſion, will leave not a wreck behind;" while the attention, the time, and the

the money appropriated to deeds of true Charity, will ſecure the moſt heartfelt ſelf-applauſe, and in the hour of ſickneſs and deſpondency will conſole and cheer you with the delightful hope, that you have laid up a *treaſure in heaven*, and done that which is acceptable in the ſight of Him, who can ſecure you its everlaſting poſſeſſions.

LET-

LETTER IV.

From the ſame to the ſame.

ON THE IMPORTANCE OF DEVOTION.

THE moment I propoſe the obſervation to you, I feel confident you will aſſent to its truth, that the enjoyment of pleaſure ought never to exclude the performance of our duty. If the warbling of the ſyrens at the opera was much more melodious than it is, if the band was the fineſt that ever was collected, the decorations of the ſtage, and the dreſſes of the performers the moſt ſplendid, that could ſtrike the eye, and the ballet was performed by the moſt graceful dancers in Europe—I would never conſent, that even all theſe combined attractions ſhould ſo far intrude upon your hours, on a Saturday night,

night, as to prevent you from going to church on a Sunday. There are, as you well know, many cafes, in which I have not interfered to prevent your yielding to the tyranny of faſhion, but in the preſent inſtance, I muſt plead for your very ſtrenuous and determined oppoſition to its ſway. What! deſert the public profeſſion of your Chriſtian faith, and the public teſtimony of your gratitude to the great author of your being, the Giver of all the happineſs you enjoy in this world, and hope for in the next, for a frivolous amuſement, or for an unimportant engagement of any kind? No—Reaſon and revelation equally forbid ſuch conduct—Excuſe the earneſtneſs and the warmth of this expoſtulation, for I think the occaſion juſtifies, nay demands it from me.

As I was well aware, when you firſt went to London, that I could not rely upon Mrs. Wilſon's attention to this important point, I am glad I ſecured the aſſiſtance of her worthy neighbour Mrs. Goodall. She is pious without oſtentation, a zealous member of the

the church of England, without the leaſt tincture of fanaticiſm. She will have more pleaſure in accompanying you to church, than many ladies have in going to an opera or a rout. However the faſhionable world may abuſe or profane their Sunday, ſhe conſtantly admoniſhes them, not by an overweening profeſſion of her piety, but by the humble perſuaſive of her uniform practice, which ſpeaks as forcibly as if ſhe was repeatedly to ſay, "You may ſacrifice as many of your precious hours to the idols of vanity as you pleaſe, but like Joſhua of old, *As for me, and my houſe, we will ſerve the Lord.*"

To a mind ſo much influenced by humility and gratitude as yours, I need urge few arguments in favour of the *reaſonableneſs* of prayer in general. That you entertain the moſt awful ideas of the divine Majeſty and power, and are ſenſible of your own weakneſs and dependence upon the divine goodneſs, I am fully aſſured; it is therefore natural for you to fly to the Almighty for ſuccour

cour and ſupport, and to pour forth your acknowledgements for the favours he is daily ſhowering upon you, and all mankind.

I need not enlarge upon the propriety of your applying theſe obſervations to the practice of *private* devotion. From the time when I uſed to ſee you then, a little girl, kneel down before your mother, join your little hands, and liſp your prayers, I have no reaſon to doubt your having matured the pious practice into a regular and ſettled habit.

And as our gratitude lays us under the ſtrongeſt obligations to promote the honour and glory of the Supreme Being, by every means in our power, we ought particularly to do ſo by acts of *public worſhip*. We make an open and conſpicuous declaration of our faith, we thus *let our light ſhine before men*, and ſet them a conſpicuous example, that *they may glorify our Father who is in heaven*. When we are engaged in the ſtated ſervice of the church on the Lord's

Lord's day, we are employed as every Chriſtian ought to be. What a ſublime and ſatisfactory reflection it is to a pious mind to conſider, that the various congregations of the univerſal church are pouring forth their tributary prayers and praiſes on the ſame day throughout the chriſtian world! It is the obſervance of *Sunday* which gives Chriſtianity its ſtability; I know not whether it does not at leaſt, among the great maſs of the people, ſecure its continuance in the world.

The general neglect of public worſhip would produce a general irreverence for every thing divine and ſacred, the great bulwark that prevents the torrent of vice and immorality from overflowing ſociety would be thrown down, and atheiſm and wickedneſs would deluge the world. That conſequences ſuch as theſe would follow, we have reaſon to conclude from the evidence of facts. Many criminals, previous to their execution, have been heard to confeſs their breach of the *Sabbath* was the firſt ſtep in their road to ſin. And if ſome of thoſe who

have

have run the career of diſſipation in the faſhionable world, were at the cloſe of life to look back to their former conduct, they might trace their indifference to religion, and their total inattention to the concerns of another world to the ſame unhappy cauſe.

The world is the ocean upon which we are toſſed by care, vexation, and diſorderly paſſions: the church is the harbour to which we may occaſionally retreat, and recruit our ſtrength, as we proceed on the voyage of life. Then if we have any reflection, we cannot fail to be ſtruck by objects of the higheſt concern. There by the tombs of the departed, which we behold around us, we are reminded of our periſhable nature, and there by the words of eternal life uttered by the appointed Miniſters of the Goſpel, we are convinced, that we are the heirs of immortality. There we lift up our thoughts above this tranſitory ſcene of folly, vice, and diſappointment; there flows the tear of penitence; there is uttered the voice of pious gratitude. We approach the Supreme Being—

Being—the great ſource of life and happineſs in a manner moſt pleaſing to him, and are admitted, as it were more immediately into his preſence, and we acquire a reliſh for thoſe pleaſures which are enjoyed by the bleſſed ſpirits above: we unite with the choirs of angels and archangels in celebrating his praiſes, and qualify ourſelves by the performance of a ſimilar ſervice to partake of ſimilar happineſs in heaven.

Truly excellent are the prayers of our church, forcible in language, comprehenſive in ſubjects, and well adapted to all ranks and ſituations of mankind. They are ſo plain, that the common people may fully underſtand them; and ſo expreſſive, that the refined and learned cannot but admire them for profound wiſdom, as much as for fervent piety. How pathetic and ſolemn are the various petitions of the *Litany*, what a ſtile of ſublime gratitude does the *General Thankſgiving* breathe, and in what a ſtrain of rich and pure eloquence are all the *Collects* compoſed! And the prayers of our

church have this additional recommendation to our reverence, that they are conſecrated by great length of time, they were breathed from the lips of ſaints and martyrs in the primitive ages, and were the expreſſions of the holieſt thoughts of the holieſt men.

I wiſh you to attend to the following circumſtance, as one which I eſteem a decided proof of the excellence of our Liturgy. Whenever I have heard extempore prayers in any diſſenting congregations, they have been tame and ſpiritleſs, or deſultory and bombaſtic: if they had any merit, they diſcovered evident traces of the imitation of our ſervice, and ſometimes borrowed its exact words.

With reſpect to *ſermons*, you may always derive ſome advantage from hearing them, even if not always recommended by the comely perſon, or the animated delivery of the preacher. Some part of Scripture will be explained, ſome duty enforced, ſome perſuaſive arguments urged to increaſe your faith, and to confirm your hope in the gracious

cious promiſes of the Goſpel, and encourage your perſeverance in well doing: and if you go to church with a mind diſpoſed, as the mind of a Chriſtian *ought* to be, not to *cavil*, but to *learn*, you cannot fail to leave the ſacred place both wiſer and better,—with increaſed veneration for the Almighty, with more regard for your own ſpiritual welfare, and more benevolence to mankind.

I hope the weighty motives which lead you to frequent your church, will always induce you to behave with due devoutneſs, all the time you are there. Some perſons ſeem to conſider a church like any other public place, where they go to ſee and be ſeen, to exchange compliments, and idle away an hour or two. Repreſs all approaches to ſuch indecorous conduct, and recollect that levity is a mockery of the ſolemn occaſion; bear in mind that very awful conſideration, that you are in the more immediate preſence of God, when you are in a place dedicated to his ſole honour and ſervice. Let your converſation be very ſhort with

the friends you meet there, your looks devout, and compoſed, your thoughts drawn off, as much as poſſible, from worldly objects, and directed with undeviating and vigilant attention to the regular courſe of the ſervice.

I conclude this letter with earneſtly conjuring you, by the moſt ſacred conſiderations of duty, not to ſuffer any frivolous reaſons to prevent you from attending the ſervice of the church on a Sunday. Thus you will diſtinguiſh one day in ſeven from the uniform ſeries of the other ſix, by performing "a reaſonable ſervice:" you will keep the ſacred flame of religion alive in your heart; you will draw nigh unto God in his Holy Temple, and then you will have good ground to hope, that he will in the hour of neceſſity, when you are aſſailed by misfortune, weakened by ſickneſs, or depreſſed with grief, draw nigh unto you. You will keep up that ſpiritual communication with heaven, which is the pureſt and moſt nutritive ſuſtenance of the ſoul. And you may depend upon

upon the truth of the assurance, that when you sink into the vale of years, and review the whole course of your past life, there will be no hours, next to those employed in the performance of the more active duties of religion, which you will reflect upon as so rationally and so profitably spent, as those passed in the "House of God."

LETTER

LETTER V.

From the ſame to the ſame.

ON SPEAKING TRUTH.

THERE is no principle which I have endeavoured to fix in your mind more firmly, or wiſh to recommend at all times with more earneſtneſs, than a ſtrict and invariable regard to truth; becauſe I am convinced, as I am certain you will be upon reflection, of its very great, I ought rather to ſay, its incalculable importance, as one of the ſtrongeſt bonds of ſociety; and it is for this reaſon enjoined as a moſt ſacred duty by the laws both of God and man.

Truth is the genuine language of the heart; the faultering voice of a child uttering a falſhood, and his crimſoned cheeks burning

burning with ſhame, are plain indications of the repugnance of ſuch a practice to nature: children rarely tell an untruth, until they are ſeduced by bad examples, or excited by ſome ſtrong temptation to do ſo: is it not clear then, the Creator has inſcribed the characters of ſincerity upon the human mind, and that heinous indeed muſt be the ſin of thoſe who endeavour to obliterate them?

Your diſpoſition, I am perſuaded, is averſe to all artifice and deceit——

"What you think in your heart, I can read in your eyes,
"For knowing no falſhood, you need no diſguiſe."

Still it may be neceſſary to keep you upon your guard againſt the inſinuations of thoſe, who may wiſh to lead you aſtray; and ſuch perſons, I fear, are to be found in every ſituation of life.

It gives me great concern to remark that ſome boys and girls are not diſtinguiſhed by that candour, which is the brighteſt ornament

ment of every period of life, and particularly of their own. When involved in difficulties in conſequence of their miſconduct, they have very little heſitation, whether they ſhall ſacrifice veracity to convenience, if they can by ſuch means eſcape the ſtroke of puniſhment. They too often abuſe their ingenuity by practiſing a ſpecies of artifice, which conſiſts in telling one ſtory to their parents or teachers, and another to their aſſociates. When ſucceſsful in their miſrepreſentations, they exult in their addreſs, and triumph on the victory gained over the credulity of their ſuperiors. Their ſucceſs encourages them to repeat the experiment, their aſſurance is hardened into effrontery, and their artifice finally ſettles into a confirmed habit of deception. The teachers of youth are much to be blamed, if they do not exert their utmoſt vigilance to prevent the growth of this malady, which when ſuffered to ſpread in the juvenile mind, is productive of the greateſt evils to ſociety.

Of

Of all vices, deliberate and malicious falſhood is juſtly regarded as the meaneſt, becauſe it implies the moſt profligate diſregard of every principle of honour. Among men, thoſe who do not ſcruple to commit atrocious crimes, will heſitate at this—they are ſtartled at its enormity, and ſhudder at its conſequences: thoſe who diſregard, and will even forgive every other ſtigma upon their character, are ſo offended at any imputed want of veracity, as to think it can only be expiated by blood, and that he who tells an untruth, as he cannot be believed, is unworthy to breathe the air of honourable men —is too baſe to live.

The fabrication of falſhood proceeds from various motives, of which vanity is the moſt harmleſs. When it reſults from envy or malevolence, it aſſumes the moſt miſchievous appearance: then like the viper it has a tooth to inflict an envenomed wound. Such is the deſcription of ſcandal and calumny, and that you may fully underſtand the malignant qualities and pernicious tendency of

theſe

theſe great enemies to ſocial peace and harmony, I ſhall take another opportunity of writing to you more at large upon the ſubject.

Truth is always pleaſant to the ingenuous mind; thus the water of the pellucid ſpring, of which you are ſo fond, neither ſparkles like champaigne, nor has it the luſcious ſweetneſs of a liqueur; yet it is always grateful to the unvitiated taſte. The path of truth is ſtraight and obvious, ſafe and pleaſant; but falſhood is an intricate labyrinth, in which there are innumerable windings, and where the farther you advance, the more you are perplexed, and the more treacherous is the ground you tread. It is an evil productive of evils, and involves a perſon in countleſs difficulties. He who tells one untruth, may be compelled to tell many more to prop up his firſt aſſertion, and his conſiſtency will be put to the ſevereſt trial; if his memory be not very retentive, he will vary to-morrow from the account he gives to-day; the circumſpect will watch, the in-

quiſitive will examine, and the ſagacious will detect him: he will be hunted like the crafty fox, through all his windings, and will be caught at laſt. If once detected in a deliberate falſhood, he will be ever after liſtened to with ſuſpicion, and even truth from his tongue will loſe its effect, and be conſidered as deceit.

Of all who, induced by vanity, oſtentation, or any other motive, are regardleſs of the reſtraints of truth, it is difficult to give you a deſcription. Fiction, like the chamelion, ſo varies its colours, that I cannot enumerate them all. A— boaſts of his ſplendid connections, and intimate acquaintance with perſons of the firſt faſhion, when he is only honoured by the formal bow or ſmile of lords and ladies who hardly know his name. B— talks of his hoſpitable table, and elegant ſtyle of living, when his kitchen is the cooleſt room in his houſe, and he can with difficulty keep the bailiffs from his doors. C— aſpires to the reputation of a great wit, and is ambitious to ſhine in converſa-

tion

tion by ſporting bon mots and repartees, to the property of which he has no greater pretenſions, than that he bought the books which contain them.

In ſuch caſes as theſe, it may ſometimes be right to purſue the plan we uſed to follow with reſpect to our friend *Squire Prodigy:* all his ſtories were of the marvellous kind; but we let him purſue his own courſe. His vanity urged on his invention to new exaggerations; every day the more ſtories he told, the leſs was their probability, till at laſt his abſurdities were ſo palpable as to excite general ridicule. This he could not endure—he could bear the inattention of ſome of the company, and the incredulous ſtare of others, but he could not hold out againſt repeated bursts of laughter. Great as was his mortification, the conſtant ridicule of his companions forced him to be ſilent—ſilence produced reflection, and he became in time, to the ſurprize of us all, when he did venture to talk, a retailer of plain matters of fact.

Stupid as the ſilent man may appear in company, he has infinitely more merit than the loquacious coxcomb, who talks of no one but himſelf, and while he enlarges upon that darling ſubject, makes pretenſions to merit, of which he is totally deſtitute, and lays claim to approbation, of which no one can be leſs worthy.

You may aſſure me, you are convinced of the ſacred character and high importance of truth, and may aſk, if it ought to be ſpoken at all times? ſo far am I from contradicting the old adage, that I give my full aſſent to it, for there may be ſome occaſions upon which prudence requires us to keep our lips cloſed, as much as propriety may upon others, induce us to open them. In the intercourſe of ſociety, you may conſider yourſelf as under no neceſſity to tell *all* the truth you know, except to thoſe who have a *right* to be informed of it all, as in the caſe of children to their parents, or witneſſes in a court of juſtice. There are many caſes in which reſerve is a virtue. Take care, however,

ever, that whatever you may think proper to communicate, be true. You may recollect, that such was the plan upon which we agreed to conduct our correspondence, and you have given me no reason for wishing to abridge the privileges of your silence.

If an unwelcome truth is necessary to be told, much depends upon the *time* and *manner* of telling it, the pill must be sweetened, and sometimes gilded, to make it palatable; for instance, if I tell you of your faults, with a sincere wish for you to correct them, I ought to make my observations with tenderness and delicacy, or I shall wound your feelings, instead of producing your amendment. For want of caution in this respect, the young often despise admonition, as if it was the offspring of spleen or moroseness, and treat their adviser rather as an enemy than a friend.

LETTER

LETTER VI.

From the ſame to the ſame.

ON GREAT TALKERS AND ROMANCERS IN CONVERSATION.

THE rules of good manners ſeem to require that converſation, in mixed companies of grown perſons of both ſexes ſhould be divided nearly in equal proportions between all preſent. It is the moſt agreeable, when it reſembles a *round game*, where each perſon has his turn to play. It is the moſt inſtructive when, as in a cricket match, the moſt ſkilful ſtrikes the ball the moſt frequently. No perſons ought to engroſs too large a ſhare of converſation, unleſs they can throw a great deal of wit, pleaſant anecdote, or ſound obſervation into the general ſtock

of

of the company. I have often obſerved, that loquacity, although generally reputed a fault peculiarly feminine, is not confined to your ſex, and I think a male tattler is more to be cenſured than a female one, becauſe from the ſuperior advantages of his education he ought to *know* better. This failing reſults from a ſelfiſh motive; it originates in vanity, and a love of diſplay, rather than a wiſh to pleaſe, or to inſtruct. Great talkers are generally ſuperficial thinkers: they are like our mountain ſtreams in the north, which make indeed a great noiſe, as they daſh over the pebbles, but they are always ſhalloweſt in thoſe places. They would do well to conſider, whether their obſervations are worth hearing, whether they are adapted to the place, the time, and the perſon to whom they are addreſſed. This exerciſe of common prudence would prevent them from being conſidered as the lawleſs uſurpers of other peoples rights, and the unlicenſed treſpaſſers on our time and patience.

Select

Select reading and attentive obſervation on the buſy ſcenes of life, will furniſh the beſt topics for converſation, and good company will not only add to your materials, but will teach you to refine and to adapt them to various perſons. If thoſe who talk have neither folly for their ſubject, nor deceit for their end; if they are lively without impertinence, delicate without affectation, and improving without pedantry, or parade, they cannot fail to communicate to all around them a moſt exquiſite treat—ſuch converſation does honour to rational beings, and exalts the dignity of their nature. It merits the praiſe of Milton, our greateſt poet, conveyed in the beautiful ſpeech of Adam to the angel Gabriel.

> And ſweeter thy diſcourſe is to my ear
> Than fruits of palm-tree, pleaſanteſt to thirſt
> And hunger both, from labour, at the hour
> Of ſweet repaſt; they ſatiate and ſoon fill,
> Tho' pleaſant; but thy words with grace divine
> Imbued, bring to their ſweetneſs no ſatiety.

There are perſons who think converſation ought to reſemble a luxurious table, and that the beſt treat conſiſts in a number of highly ſeaſoned diſhes. They may be ſtiled the meſsmates of Sinbad the ſailor, or the companions of the Baron Munkhauſen, for they are always trying to aſtoniſh the company with the diſplay of the marvellous. I hope they will not ſo far vitiate your taſte, as to make you prefer the ragouts and high ſauces of gaſconade and hyperbole, to the plain diſhes of common ſenſe and matter of fact. If they relate an article of news, they talk of thouſands by a kind of poetical licenſe inſtead of hundreds, and where other perſons have travelled one mile, they boaſt of having gone ten. Their account of wonderful incidents will ſeldom ſtand the teſt of cloſe and pertinent queſtions. Exaggeration is like a magnifying glaſs, objects ſeen through it appear very large, but take it away, and they are immediately reduced to their natural ſize.

An American gentleman aſſerted, that in the back ſettlements of Connecticut, he had ſeen a flock of pigeons ſo large as to darken the air. He was aſked what he ſuppoſed its *length* to have been; he gravely replied, that it was full *ſeventy* miles. It was ſuggeſted to him, that a flock of *ſeven* miles in extent would produce the ſame effect, and as he found upon revolving the matter in his mind, that even this was a very handſome allowance of pigeons, he was content in future to tell the ſtory with this deduction from his original quantity.

An old lady remarkable for her fondneſs for the marvellous, went into a neighbouring village to drink tea. Her friend inquired if ſhe brought any news? "The only thing," ſaid ſhe, "I have, worth mentioning, is very wonderful indeed. When I left home I heard all the dogs of the village barking moſt violently." "It is very extraordinary," ſaid her friend, "they ſhould *all* be barking, and you ſhould hear them *all*." "You may think ſo as long as you pleaſe, madam,"

ſaid the old lady, with ſome warmth, "but I am confident ſeveral dogs were barking;" on her friend ſtill appearing ſurprized, and incredulous, ſhe added, in a more ſubdued tone, "Well, madam, believe me or not as you like, but I will take an oath before any magiſtrate in the county, that when I left home, there was a great deal of barking made by my *lap-dog*."

To be able to tell an entertaining ſtory in a pleaſing manner, is doubtleſs a very happy talent. If you aſpire to ſuch an excellence, endeavour to follow the example of Mrs. R—, for no one can better deſerve your imitation. She is never tedious in her narratives: all the circumſtances ſhe introduces, ariſe from her accurate obſervations on the peculiar manners by which every perſon is diſtinguiſhed; ſhe points them with humour, and expreſſes them with preciſion. If ſhe repeats a ſtory again and again, there is little variation in her ſtatements. Like a faithful painter ſhe gives ſtrong likeneſſes of perſons, not caricatures, and her colouring

is

is lively, not glaring. She can go through a detail of the moſt ludicrous incidents with perfect ſedateneſs of countenance, and every one laughs except herſelf. The oddities of character, and the follies of conduct, are her favourite topics, and to excite mirth is her principal aim, yet as few perſons are more polite, or humane, ſhe never endeavours to do ſo at the expenſe of benevolence or decorum. She never loſes ſight of the reſpectability of her own character, or the tenderneſs that may be due to another's feelings.

LETTER

LETTER VII.

From the ſame to the ſame.

ON THE PRESERVATION OF HEALTH.

On calling upon our friend Lady A— and her daughters the other day, I was ſurprized to find them all ſitting round a large fire. It was then twelve o'clock, the air was ſoft and genial, and the weather held out all the inducements to exerciſe, that could be offered by the mild and enlivening luſtre of an autumnal ſun. On my making a remark to this purpoſe to the ladies, whoſe faces were far from reflecting the roſy glow of exerciſe and health, their mother aſſured me, "they were ſo completely engaged, as to have no leiſure whatever to *throw away* upon walking or riding."

I endea-

I endeavoured to convince them of the ſuperior advantages that would reſult from exchanging an atmoſphere of coal-duſt and vapour for pure air and refreſhing breezes.

Among other walks and rides in the neighbourhood, I talked firſt of courſe, of *Lorton* houſe, and its accompaniments; and you may be aſſured I did not forget your favourite hermitage. Then for a more diſtant excurſion, I directed Lady A— to the aſcent of Caſtle Crag in Borrowdale, which commands an extenſive proſpect of our lake and vale of Keſwick, with all their romantic appendages of rocks and woods; or if ſhe choſe to take an oppoſite direction, I hinted ſhe might explore the ſoft green hill of Latrigg, ſee Skiddaw towering immediately above her, and on the other ſide trace the Greeta, meandering through the meadows, and uniting its chryſtal waters with the Derwent; I remarked that the trees were aſſuming the various colours of autumnal foliage, the ſtreams were in full flow, daſhing down the vales among the fantaſtic rocks, and the whole region of the widely extended

extended landſcape was calculated to inſpire pleaſure in every beholder.

Whether my expatiating upon the inducements to take the air will have its deſired effect upon this family, who ſay they came on purpoſe to enjoy the beauties of our country, and profeſs a great deſire to take drawings from nature, I know not: but I wiſh to inform you, that our converſation led me to the following reflections upon the important ſubject of health, and the methods conducive to its preſervation.

Can too much ever be ſaid in praiſe of HEALTH, when we recollect, that of all poſſeſſions, it is the moſt deſirable; it is the cordial of life, and the balm of exiſtence. Perſons in health poſſeſs a bleſſing which is no inconſiderable compenſation for the want of the gifts of fortune, or the diſtinctions of honour. They have the moſt perfect enjoyment of themſelves, and of every object around them; their ſound conſtitutions produce a conſtant flow of good ſpirits, and cheerful thoughts; and they are in the beſt

ſtate

ſtate of mind and body to engage in the buſineſs of life with pleaſure, and to continue it without interruption.

But like all other common gifts of nature, health is never rated at ſo high a price, as when we feel its loſs. Thoſe who enjoy uninterrupted health, have no more lively perception of its value, than our peaſants have of the wholeſome water of the Derwent, that flows by their cottages, or than many of the natives of this county feel for the grandeur and beauty of our proſpects. Familiarity with ſuch objects deadens both the ſenſe of enjoyment, and the ſenſe of gratitude to the bountiful Giver of theſe unbought, but invaluable bleſſings.

Health communicates to us a perception of happineſs, which is independent of any external cauſe. I cannot deſcribe its mode of operation, but I feel its genial effects: and I ſee it diſplayed in the ſportiveneſs of children, when at play, in their bounding ſtep, bright eyes, and voice of joy. When firſt I ſaw your companion Fanny Goodly, the

the little girl whoſe cheeks rivalled the crimſon hue of our mountain ſtrawberries, was dancing on the green with ſeveral little children of her own age; it is true ſhe was dreſſed in a tattered gown, but nothing I could give her ſeemed wanting to add to her enjoyments.

For a true eſtimate of this precious jewel of health, you muſt aſk the tender convaleſcent juſt eſcaped from the confined limits of his chamber, and regaining ſtrength enough to walk forth, and reviſit the beauties of nature. What his feelings are can beſt be conceived from the admirable deſcription of Mr. Gray:

See the wretch that long has toſt,
On the thorny bed of pain,
At length repair his vigour loſt,
And breathe, and walk again.
The meaneſt flowret of the vale,
The ſimpleſt note that ſwells the gale,
The common ſun, the air, the ſkies,
To him are opening paradiſe.

I make

I make no obſervations to you at preſent upon the ſubject of early riſing, as I know that however praiſe-worthy your conduct was in that reſpect, when you were at home, the practice cannot be continued in London without many interruptions. You will do well however to recollect that of all blooms that can grace the checks of the fair, no one is ſo beautiful, or ſo laſting as that of nature; and liberal as ſhe is to thoſe who ſolicit her favours, ſhe never long continues this "celeſtial roſy red," as Milton calls it to thoſe who ſhut their eyes againſt the beams of the ſun, when he admoniſhes them to riſe at a proper hour.

If the late hours you may be compelled to keep in London, muſt, from the tyranny of faſhion, interrupt the ſalutary cuſtom of early riſing, you may at leaſt pay ſome attention to *regular riſing* in a morning. If a perſon were to leave her bed at the ſame hour every morning, it would influence her conduct, as to the time of retiring

ing to reſt at night; and ſhe would be a double gainer in thoſe important benefits, and bleſſings of exiſtence, *health* and *time*.

I wiſh now to propoſe a caſe to you, which will put your ſkill in arithmetic to the trial. Suppoſe of two perſons of exactly the ſame age, one was to riſe punctually at eight every morning in every year from the age of 15 to 60—and the other not to quit her bed before ten during the ſame period, and that they both retired to reſt at the ſame hour. Quere, of *how much time* would the more early riſer be the gainer? Would it not amount to a twelfth part of the forty-five years? And I deſire you to tell me in your next Letter, the exact amount in years and months. Suppoſe this conſiderable gain of time to be applied to any very good purpoſe, ſuch as ſaying her prayers, reading a religious or any other improving book; or in walking and taking exerciſe, how much would the early riſer have the advantage

advantage both in regard to cultivation of mind, and health of body, over her who "falsely luxurious" loses some of the finest hours of the day upon "her couch of sloth.

LETTER

LETTER VIII.

From the ſame to the ſame.

THE SAME SUBJECT CONTINUED.

You will I think eaſily underſtand me, when I remark, that there is a diſtinction, and that a conſiderable one between *dreſs* and *clothing*. As the preſent faſhion of the Engliſh ladies is evidently deſigned to ſet off their perſons to advantage, it is not difficult to determine for which of the two they conſult. The faſhion is borrowed from the *Elegantes* of Paris; and they have adopted it from the ancient Greek models. But ought no allowance to be made for the difference in point of climate between England and Greece; and the different materials of which the Grecian dreſſes were compoſed? I doubt whether Aſpaſia, who I aſſure you, was a very

very fashionable lady in the most refined age of Greece, wore muslin dresses.

In a beautiful pastoral of a Greek poet, the spring is described as the finest season of the year: but this, as we know by unpleasant experience, is not the case with our springs, during which our lightly dressed fair are often assailed by driving storms of hail and snow, and exposed to the northern or eastern gales, tremble with piercing cold.

Although we may be ridiculed by foreigners for making the weather a standing topic of our conversation, they cannot continue long in England without being convinced by their feelings, that the subject is naturally suggested by our own. Seldom, even in a course of several years, are two seasons precisely alike, and it sometimes happens, that we breathe in a manner in two different climates in the space of four-and-twenty hours. What great care ought therefore to be taken by the tender and the delicate to guard against the ill effects of such mutability of weather.

Much

Much as the girls of the preſent times may be tempted to indulge a laugh, when they ſee in old pictures their great grandmother almoſt buried in high ruffs, and fortified, rather than dreſſed in whale-bone ſtays, and ſtiff brocades; I am inclined to think that theſe ſtately and venerable dames had greatly the advantage in point of health, over the faſhionables of the preſent times. They kept earlier hours of riſing and retiring to reſt, were more regular as to the time of their meals, which conſiſted of plainer diet; their dreſs was better adapted to our cold and uncertain climate, and they lived in more airy and ſpacious apartments. They neither ſuffered themſelves to be half diſſolved at crowded routs, nor did they ſit over blazing coal-fires in inflammable muſlins, with the hazard of being burnt to death. I never heard that queen Beſs, or her maids of honour were troubled with the vapours, the palſy, the ſcrophula, and the hoſt of nervous diſorders of which the delicate females of the preſent age complain. Theſe ſeem

to

to have ſprung up in our tea-drinking, ſauce-eating, and late dining age; and ſo I think has that moſt fatal of all the deſtroyers of youth and beauty, the pulmonary conſumption. Our anceſtors were like the hardy oaks that grew around their caſtles, and ſtood firm againſt the wintry blaſts; but too many of their deſcendants reſemble the tender poplars that ſhake at every paſſing breeze. We are now too delicate for the climate in which we live,

"Like flowers tranſplanted to a colder ſky,"

and invalids of both ſexes are every day paying the deareſt price for the luxuries which their parents have enjoyed, or in which they indulge themſelves. Their conſtitutions do not ſuit the places which it is their lot to inhabit, and they may be ſaid rather to breathe, than to be well, if health conſiſts, as it aſſuredly does, in the lively and perfect enjoyment of exiſtence.

How far nervous complaints are imaginary, or have their origin in the conſtitu-

tion, we muſt leave the phyſicians to determine. They certainly derive great ſtrength from indolence and indulgence, and may be leſſened, if not eradicated by exertion and exerciſe. What is the reaſon that the lower orders of the community ſeldom complain of them, and that they are confined to thoſe who breathe in carpeted and hot rooms, and are moved about in cloſe carriages? Why is a lady ready to faint, and thrown into a violent nervous agitation, at the barking of a dog, or a loud rap at the door; when her ſervants are perfectly unmoved by ſuch incidents? Surely becauſe ſervants are more accuſtomed to the open air, are fully employed, and have no time to encourage nervous diſorders. To thoſe who are afflicted with them, occupation will ſupply one of the beſt means of cure, conſtant exerciſe is an excellent alterative, and although too many doſes of ſedentary employment are not to be recommended, it is aſtoniſhing how perfectly Mrs. R— got rid of this malady, when ſhe employed herſelf

two

two or three hours a day in making dreſſes for poor children.

And now leſt you ſhould think me determined to aſſume the office of a Galen, or an Hippocrates, and was with all due gravity going to preſcribe for you, I ſhall conclude this letter with making a few obſervations, which I hope you will carefully retain, and conſtantly act upon.

If faſhion ſays what reaſon contradicts, you muſt obey reaſon, or take the conſequence. It will be a poor conſolation to reflect, that you have followed the faſhion, when you have caught a cold, which almoſt reduces you to a ſkeleton, and the doctor as a laſt reſource conſigns you to Briſtol, or Liſbon. Remember health is the daughter of exerciſe and temperance, and the parent of good ſpirits; ſo that no ſelf-denial or reſtraint can be too great to ſecure her company. If you ſacrifice your health to the graces, it may be the laſt ſacrifice you will make to them,—except your life. If exerciſe produces fatigue, you fruſtrate the end

of taking it—to explain my meaning more fully, it is better to take two ſhort walks, or rides, than one long one. In your dreſs conſult the ſtate of your own health, the weather and the ſeaſon, or you will ſoon be obliged to conſult the phyſician; and be aſſured, that the indolence and indulgence of youth will be puniſhed by the maladies of age.

That you may purſue every plan conducive to the preſervation of your health with ſo much perſeverance, as to live as long and continue as blooming, as the celebrated Ninon d l'Enclos, who preſerved her health, beauty, and vivacity to a very advanced period of life, is my ſincere wiſh.

LETTER

LETTER IX.

From the ſame to the ſame.

ON CONTENTMENT.

You aſk me, my Emily, with a degree of anxiety ſuited to the importance and the ſerioufneſs of ſuch a queſtion—Where is HAPPINESS to be found? On what favoured and delightful ſpot of the earth does ſhe fix her abode? Does ſhe reſide with the recluſe in his ſecret retirement? Converſe with him, and you will find that he is frequently a prey to Ennui and melancholy. Is ſhe to be ſought for in faſhionable crowds? There the mind has no ſolid entertainment; all is buſtle, ſhow, and ſound. Does the rich man claim her as his own? Claim her he may, but the anxiety,

anxiety which attends the poſſeſſion of wealth ſufficiently ſhows the vanity of his pretenſions.

That the poor man complains of her abſence with ſufficient reaſon, is evident from his ragged attire, and ſcanty fare. Is ſhe to be diſcovered in the glow of friendſhip, or the tenderneſs of love? There one would think the ſweet ſtranger might be found, if ſhe was deſtined by Providence to viſit theſe lower regions; but who is not ſenſible to what ſenſations of anxiety, and anticipation of evil, the hearts even of the friend and of the lover are expoſed.

After all our enquiries, we muſt then acknowledge, that Happineſs is the daughter of the Skies, and is not deſtined, for wiſe reaſons, to fix her abode on Earth. Felicity is a bleſſing, which can only be the portion of beings, whoſe minds are not agitated by thoſe reſtleſs hopes and fears which ariſe in the human breaſt. But there is one ſubſtantial comfort, which it is in our power to obtain, provided we quit the fruitleſs purſuit

of

of Happineſs, and endeavour to ſecure the good within our power, and that good is *Contentment*.

If, as I travel along the road, I obſerve an indolent gipſey covered with tatters, and incruſted with dirt, ſurrounded by children as ſqualid as herſelf, who have been taught to crave a pittance from each paſſing traveller, I abuſe the term if I call her contented. This is, properly ſpeaking, an inſtance of culpable ſloth, or habitual indifference. Contentment, to be meritorious, muſt be allied to Virtue; and Virtue always implies laudable exertions. If I ſee an induſtrious cottager repoſing at his door, and dividing his brown bread with his wife and healthy children, and in whoſe houſe there is every appearance of neatneſs; here I behold the virtue of Contentment illuſtrated to my ſatisfaction: it is a picture worthy of the contemplation of a philoſopher, and even of a monarch.

One great argument in favour of Contentment ariſes from *Compariſon*. It is very true, you may not have the ſplendid carriage and numerous

numerous attendants of a ducheſs; but, on the other hand, you are not ſo deſtitute of the common comforts of life, as the multitudes by whom you are ſurrounded.

If I move in a humble ſphere, I think I have no better reaſon to murmur at my lot, than a perſon of high rank has to be proud. The gradations of rank were not eſtabliſhed in ſociety for the particular accommodation or detriment of any individual, but for the general benefit of all. If you ſuppoſe that perſons, even of the higheſt dignity, have nothing to do but to repoſe upon the down of indolence, and pluck the flowers of pleaſure and luxury, nothing can be farther from the truth: they have as many duties to fulfil as others, and they are veſted with an awful reſponſibility, in proportion to the talents committed to their care.

Ambition is a moſt reſtleſs paſſion: we muſt check its impulſes, or we ſhall never enjoy tranquillity—the moſt deſirable inmate of the human breaſt. Suppoſe you were to follow the dictates of ambition, you would be like the traveller who thinks that by aſcending

one

one of our mountains he ſhall command a boundleſs proſpect: he begins to climb Skiddaw, or Helvellyn; after advancing a ſhort diſtance, he fancies he ſees the top of the mountain—he climbs higher, and finds he has ſtill far to go—he continues his aſpiring ſteps till faint and almoſt breathleſs he reaches the ſummit. When he has gained this deſired point, other mountains as high, if not higher, meet his view; and he finds his exertion as been all vanity and vexation of ſpirit.

To promote Contentment, conſider your own merits or demerits. If you have not as many of the good things of this world as you deſire, have you not as many, or even more, than you deſerve? Are you as good a member of ſociety as the mother of a family, who is diligent in her occupations, inſtructs her children in their various duties, and yet has only the very ſcantieſt means of ſubſiſtence? In any common excurſion of buſineſs or pleaſure, a peep into many a cottage will teach this leſſon of contentment.

Cicero,

Cicero, the great Roman orator, wiſhing to check the aſpiring pretenſions of Marc Antony, recommends him to conſider not ſo much the company he kept, as the family from which he ſprung. Compare your former with your preſent ſtate of life, the ſuperior ſtile of elegance or of comfort in which you now live, to that in which your parents, or at leaſt ſome of your relations, have lived, and you will be ſenſible of ſo great a difference in your own favour, that you will have no reaſonable grounds to be diſſatisfied with your lot.

And if any one be unhappily the victim of misfortune, affliction, or pain, produced by his own folly, imprudence, or vice, he has no juſt cauſe of complaint. Should he labour under unmerited evils, he ought to bow with humble reſignation; and be aſſured, that, by making a religious uſe of his ſufferings, "his affliction, which is but for a moment, will, through the merits of his Redeemer, work for him a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." It is an allowed

lowed principle, that phyſical evil produces moral good; and that misfortunes are ſometimes bleſſings in diſguiſe.

Never forget that we are appointed to the ſtation we fill in this life by the wiſe Diſpoſer of all things, who knows what is ſuited to our capacities and talents much better than we do ourſelves; and we are not certain but he may be merciful in what he denies to our petitions, as well as in what he grants; for we are not competent to judge of the final reſult of events, or what is beſt for us *upon the whole;* and certain it is that the aſpiring and ambitious have often met with miſery and diſtreſs in the accompliſhment even of their darling wiſhes. It is natural for the poor man to deſire riches; but is he ſure that he is qualified for a change to a condition of affluence? Alas! he knows not his own temper, he knows not the deceit of his own heart; and ſhould he be richer, is he certain he ſhall be a better man? He is ignorant of the vexations and anxieties of the wealthy; he conſiders not the ſtrong,

and

and even the dangerous attachment which men often form to riches, and their reluctance to quit them at the hour of death: he judges by outward appearances, which are always fallacious; he ſees indeed the numerous retinue, the ſplendid carriage, the ſtately manſion, and the coſtly furniture, but he cannot diſcern the ſecret vexation that often preys upon the heart of the poſſeſſor, and like the canker eats the flower of his joys.

Such is the genuine language of Reaſon and Experience: but to murmur at our ſtation in life, is no leſs irreligious than it is imprudent; we thus become our own tormentors, and deprive ourſelves of the enjoyments which are really in our power. If we cannot be rich, it is not neceſſary that we ſhould be wretched; if we cannot be adorned with titles, are we not free from the envy which is often the attendant on ſuch diſtinctions?

If you agree with me, my Emily, in the juſtneſs of theſe obſervations, agree with me likewiſe in being gratified with the common

bleſſings which Nature beſtows indiſcriminately upon all her children, and adopt the beautiful ſentiment of Contentment and Independence thus expreſſed by our favourite poet Thomſon in the Caſtle of Indolence:

I care not, Fortune, what you me deny,
You cannot rob me of free Nature's grace;
You cannot ſhut the windows of the ſky,
Thro' which Aurora ſhows her beauteous face.
You cannot bar my conſtant feet to trace
The woods and lawns by living ſtream at eve:
Let health my nerves and finer fibres brace,
And I their toys to the great children leave;
Of fancy, reaſon, virtue, nought can me bereave.

A party of friends were going on a tour, and they determined to make every incident of their journey a ſubject of pleaſantry. They met with bad inns, ſaucy waiters, rough roads, and indifferent weather; but what was all this to the ſons of cheerfulneſs, who were determined to confine their views to the bright ſide of things? Vivacity gave its colours to every object, and like the touch of Midas, which is ſaid to have turned every

every thing into gold, converted every incident into merriment: they beguiled the evening with a ſong, and with the anticipation of the pleaſing ſcenes the morrow might produce, to compenſate the dulneſs of to-day: mirth and good humour ſparkled in their converſation, hilarity quickened their ſteps, and hope brightened their proſpects: wherever their road lay, down the valley, or up the mountain; whether the ſun ſcorched, or the rain beat upon them, they "ſtrewed the way over with flowers."

In your journey of life, try ſuch an experiment as this; but fail not to remember, that its ſucceſs will much depend upon the road you chooſe, and the ſelection you make of your companions.

LET-

LETTER X.

From the ſame to the ſame.

ON THE DECEPTION OF APPEARANCES.

THAT it is very raſh, and may be dangerous, to truſt to appearances, is a truth I wiſh to impreſs deeply upon your mind, as a proper attention to it may be of the greateſt ſervice to you in the courſe of your life, and may ſave you from no ſlight uneaſineſs and embarraſſment. Had I been doubtful of the ſoundneſs of this maxim, I ſhould have had the fulleſt confirmation of it from my obſervations on a company, in which I was lately preſent. The party conſiſted of Mrs. Voluble, Miſs Vainlove, Miſs Roſe, Major Ratler, Captain Manly, Mr. Sycophant, the Reverend Mr. Good, and myſelf. The Major favoured

favoured us with a long detail of his campaigns, the battles he had fought, and the various countries he had viſited; with no very diſtant hint, that all his eminent ſervices had been very ill requited by Government. Captain Manly talked little, and ſeemed occaſionally to diſcover, more by his *looks* than his words, conſiderable ſurpriſe at the bold aſſertions of the Major. Mrs. Voluble talked loudly of the ladies of quality of her acquaintance: ſhe aſſured us ſhe had paſſed ſeveral weeks with a baronet's lady, had juſt left her card with a marchioneſs, and was promiſed a ſeat in a ducheſs's box at the opera. This lady, although exhibiting the countenance and figure of more than forty years of age, was dreſſed like a ſtyliſh girl of eighteen: ſhe was adorned, or rather ſtriped, with necklaces, bracelets, and armlets, and ſhe took infinite pains to diſplay the numerous rings that hooped her fingers, for ſhe was continually flouriſhing her hands, and raiſing them to her head. Miſs Vainlove endeavoured to dazzle us with the ſplendour of her

her dreſs, which was of the neweſt faſhion. She talked of carriages of various kinds, and the comparative convenience of curricles, laundaulets, and barouches, but the more ſhe ſaid, the more ſhe expoſed her vanity and affectation. Miſs Roſe, another young lady of a very diffident appearance, was dreſſed very plainly, and had a ſenſibility in her countenance and a ſoftneſs in her manners that were very engaging; ſhe ſaid little, but it was evident from her expreſſive looks ſhe thought much of the converſation incredible, and all of it extraordinary. Mr. Sycophant was upon the alert, whenever he found an opportunity to make an obſervation: all his ſpeeches were complimentary, and adapted to each perſon with conſiderable addreſs. He compared Major Ratler to John Duke of Marlborough, and to Charles the twelfth of Sweden. He aſſured Mrs. Voluble ſhe looked more charmingly every day: he told Miſs Vainlove ſhe had the moſt refined taſte in dreſs of any lady in town; and he whiſpered acroſs

the table to Mr. Good, that his laſt charity ſermon would have done honour to a biſhop.

This clergyman had no chance of gaining his ſhare of the converſation among ſo many inceſſant tattlers, ſo he ſat quietly ſipping his coffee, and had no other ambition to diſtinguiſh himſelf, than occaſionally to catch the attention of the humbleſt of the dramatis perſonæ in this motley group, viz. Miſs Roſe and myſelf.

Now ſuppoſing I had endeavoured to form an intimacy with any of the more prominent and daſhing part of this company, in conſequence of my conceiving a high idea of their importance, and had formed a ſtrong prepoſſeſſion in favour of their ſuperior merit from their diſplay of themſelves in the manner I have deſcribed, what a groſs miſtake ſhould I have made, and into what an embarraſſment I might have been led! and what injuſtice I might have done to the truly worthy and amiable perſons in the company, if I had conceived a mean opinion of them, becauſe they did not force them-

themſelves upon my notice by a ſtyliſh appearance, and inceſſant tattling.

For now, my dear Emily, I am going to preſent to you theſe perſonages diveſted of the ornaments in which they diſguiſed themſelves, and appearing in their real characters. Major Ratler had not ſeen half the ſervice of which he boaſted; and ſo far from having any juſt grounds to complain of government, he had been diſmiſſed the ſervice for making too free with the money of his regiment. The ſilent and ſedate Captain Manly was an officer of great merit, who had experienced many "A hair breadth 'ſcape in the imminent deadly breach." But like a truly brave man, content with the conſciouſneſs of having done his duty, he left his praiſe to the voices of others. Mrs. Voluble, the faſhionable Mrs. Voluble, will you believe it? formerly kept a Milliner's ſhop in Bond-ſtreet, and on retiring from buſineſs with a competent fortune, was found ſo uſeful to many ladies of faſhion, that in return for the honour of their invitations,

ſhe gave them taſte in caps, bonnets, ribbons, and dreſſes; and this will account for her boaſted intimacy with the nobility. As for Miſs Vainlove, her father had been a coach-maker in Long-acre, and this will give you a clue to her accurate knowledge of carriages. Miſs Roſe was a well-educated girl of great merit, who ſtruck me leaſt at firſt ſight, but was raiſed the higher in my eſteem, the more frequently I converſed with her. Mr. Sycophant's character correſponded exactly with his name; he had formed ſo degrading an opinion of mankind, as to think they could all be made the dupes of the groſſeſt flattery, and the ſucceſs he often met with in the application of this principle, gave him ſufficient encouragement to perſevere in his artful practice. To conclude my explanation of theſe characters, the clergyman was a perſon of modeſt merit and learning, but his gentle voice was ſeldom heard, or rather was drowned in the general torrent of converſation.

I flatter

I flatter myself that if Lavater, the great adept in physiognomy, had been with me, he would have applauded my mode of discriminating characters. I make this conclusion from the following excellent remark. "Wherever I meet the smile of self-sufficiency, or the oblique look of envy, I turn away, and seek *him* who remains oppressed by the loud voice of confidence. I placed myself rather by the side of the answerer, than the man of clamorous loquacity, and still sooner by the side of the *humble inquirer*, than the voluble solver of all difficulties."

Such a scene as I have described is not singular. Believe me, my Emily, you will often be present at a similar display of strongly marked, and as strongly contrasted characters. Pause, and examine them as I did, or you may be led into error. If you suffer yourself to be dazzled by appearance, and misled by plausibility, you may too late lament your folly and credulity. You will form attachments to those whom you ought to avoid, and you will encourage prejudices against

againſt thoſe who are in all reſpects worthy of your eſteem. When you go into company, look beyond the mere ornaments of the *perſon*, in which the belles and beaux are decorated, and ſearch for thoſe of the *mind*. Amid the overbearing aſſertions, and loud laughs of ſelf-ſufficient arrogance, be attentive to the gentle voice and downcaſt looks of unaſſuming merit. An amiable temper, good ſenſe, genuine modeſty, and unaffected delicacy, true politeneſs, uſeful attainments, elegant accompliſhments, and virtuous diſpoſitions, are the brighteſt jewels that can engage your obſervation. Theſe are not open to the gaze of every tranſient ſpectator, but may be diſcovered by the careful obſerver. If you once acquire a true reliſh for them, you will ſoon abate your eagerneſs to behold, and ſoon correct your diſpoſition to admire the glittering forms of faſhion, equipage, dreſs, and pomp, and you will ſearch for the treaſures that lie concealed in the head and the heart, and are intrinſically bright and valuable, which power, opulence,

and

and rank can neither give nor take away, and which will be in fashion, not for a fleeting month or two, but in every state and every change of society.

Would it not be thought a reflection upon our understandings, if we judged in the same manner of the excellence of some of the inferior classes of the animal creation from their external appearances, as we sometimes do with respect to mankind? How gaudy are the peacock and the butterfly, how beautiful are the ravenous leopard, and the poisonous snake! In what plain attire has nature dressed the industrious bee, the ant, the sheep, the cow, and the horse. You must be prepared to take notice that the man of the greatest merit in company may not be a finished beau, or decorated with a gaudy military uniform, possibly he may be dressed in the most unostentatious manner; and perhaps the lady whose acquaintance, and even intimacy, would prove a great addition to your comfort, may be a month or two behind hand in point of fashion, and

may

may neither keep a carriage, nor a footman.

For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich,
And as the ſun breaks through the darkeſt clouds,
So honour peereth in the meaneſt habit.
What! is the jay more precious than the lark,
Becauſe his feathers are more beautiful?
Or is the adder better than the eel,
Becauſe his painted ſkin contents the eye?
O no good Kate, neither art thou the worſe,
For this poor furniture, and mean array *.

The rules of good manners doubtleſs require us to be polite and affable to all to whom we are introduced, but before we proceed to cultivate an acquaintance we muſt recollect, that we ought not to pay that homage to dreſs and ornament, which is due to virtue and merit. We muſt imitate the real connoiſſeur in pictures: he ſets little value upon the gilded frame, or the high varniſh, but he accurately examines the whole ſubject of the picture, and if he finds in it intrinſic excellence, if he traces the pencil of

* Shakeſpeare's Taming of the Shrew.

a Ra-

a Raphael, a Titian, or a Guido, he ſets the higheſt value upon it, and experiences increaſing pleaſure, the more frequently he ſurveys it.

Upon this ſubject of judging by appearances, Shakeſpeare can give you another admirable leſſon from the Merchant of Venice. The vain prince of Morocco flatters himſelf he ſhall obtain the beautiful Portia in marriage by chooſing the *golden* caſket. His deciſion proves the folly of truſting to outward ſhow. Far differently does Baſſanio, the true lover, reaſon and determine.

> The world is ſtill deceived by ornament,
> There is no vice ſo ſimple, but aſſumes
> Some mark of virtue in his outward parts;

He therefore prefers the *leaden* caſket, and to his great delight finds in it the portrait of his beloved Portia, and the fair original becomes the reward of his diſcernment.

As you are beginning to diſcriminate characters, you are gradually making a progreſs in the moſt uſeful of all ſtudies, *the knowledge*

ledge of the world; but your proficiency in reading mankind will, I truſt, be conſtantly attended by the exerciſe of candour and generoſity; for if you are acute enough to find out the predominant or the concealed paſſions, weakneſſes, and foibles of others, you ought neither to hold them up to ridicule, nor endeavour to bend them to your own intereſted purpoſes. The prime advantage of this knowledge will be ſecured, if you learn to be upon your guard againſt ſuch as you diſcover to be artful and inſidious; to deſpiſe the mean and the unprincipled, to eſteem the meritorious, and to admit to your confidence and friendſhip none but thoſe whoſe characters and conduct will ſtand the teſt of ſtrict inquiry.

Before I conclude theſe obſervations, let me remind you of the diſtinguiſhed figure made by Mr. *Sycophant* in the party I deſcribed. You muſt guard with unremitting caution againſt the ſnares, which he and all his numerous family are conſtantly ſetting to entrap the female heart. They will ſcatter around

around you the ſweet eſſence of flattery, but if they are adepts in their art, and ſuſpect you perceive their deſign, they will diminiſh the quantity, or preſent it to you at a more propitious moment. In proportion as you add the knowledge of *yourſelf* to the knowledge of others, and become ſenſible of the defects of your own character, and the number of your own faults, you will ſee, that the mirror held up to you by adulation, gives you by far too favourable a view of yourſelf, and if you once diſcover that flattery is a tribute paid to your vanity, at the expenſe of your underſtanding, you will be convinced, that it is unworthy of your acceptance, unleſs you chooſe to receive it as ironical, or a ſatire, and then you ought to let the giver know by the *manner* in which you thank him, that you perfectly underſtand his meaning, and think him entitled—not to your gratitude, but your ridicule and your contempt.

LET-

LETTER XI.

From the ſame to the ſame.

ON FRIENDSHIP.

I AM not at all ſurpriſed to hear that you are delighted with your new acquaintance Miſs S. and your expreſſions of regard for her, flow naturally from the warm and ingenuous feelings of your heart. Allow me, however, to aſk you before you and Miſs S—, like Matilda Pottingen and Cecilia Muckingfeldt, in the ludicrous play of The Rovers, ſwear, "an eternal friendſhip;" whether your partiality proceeds only from her gay and lively converſation, her ſtyliſh appearance, and the whim of the moment? If

theſe

theſe are the ſlight materials of which your eternal friendſhip is compoſed, it can hardly be expected to continue longer than the faſhion of a cap, or a ribbon, and ſerve for your amuſement for half a dozen routs and concerts.

As your Letter to me upon this ſubject gives me ſo fair an opportunity, I ſhall make a few remarks, which may ſerve as a teſt, by which you may try the pretenſions of your new friend to your eſteem and affection.

No attachment merits the exalted name of *friendſhip*, unleſs it be not only warm, but ſincere and perfectly diſintereſted; it cannot, therefore, exiſt without virtue for its foundation. I leave you then to determine what pretenſions the exceſſive lovers of pleaſure or riches, the very vain, proud, capricious, or ſervile can have to your friendſhip; much leſs perſons who are groſsly immoral, and vitious. All they are capable of is an acquaintance ſuggeſted by their own ſelfiſh gratification, or intereſt, an acquaint-

ance

ance ſhort-lived and tranſient, becauſe it is continually changing with the objects of their purſuit.

Of real friendſhip as I feel the ſtrong and delightful influence, I will endeavour to deſcribe the nature and properties. I feel it for my worthy neighbour and exemplary Paſtor Dr. Marriot, combined with a portion of veneration. For you, my beloved daughter, I feel it founded on paternal tenderneſs and love, and of courſe animated with the greateſt warmth. Conſidered in its general nature, it is the tie that binds perſons of equal or nearly equal rank in life; it originates in congeniality of diſpoſition, goodneſs of heart, and ſincerity and conſiſtency of character, and conduct. It is confirmed by mutual acts of kindneſs, and is rivetted by nothing ſo cloſely as by the participation of the ſame misfortunes. It baniſhes all ſelfiſhneſs, for the ſeparate intereſts of friends ſoon become identified, and unite in the ſame ſtream. Did not Diogenes enter into the ſpirit of true friendſhip when he obſerved,

on borrowing money of his friend, "that he did but ask for his own." If one friend be profperous, it gives the other more delight than if fortune had fmiled on himfelf. In fhort, friendfhip is neceffary for the comfort of every fituation and every period of life; without it profperity is joylefs and imperfect, and adverfity is infupportable. It heightens, I had almoft faid conftitutes the pleafures of youth; it is the fupport of age, and fometimes proves its only earthly confolation.

This you may fay is a beautiful theory, or picture of friendfhip, as it exifted in the golden age, but are we to expect among the weak and frail mortals, who have lived fince, fuch friends as anfwer the defcription? I am neither fo fully convinced of the caprice or the depravity of mankind, nor fo inclined to doubt the truth of hiftory, as to fuppofe that the account we have of David and Jonathan, Pylades and Oreftes, Damon and Phintias, Scipio and Lælius, are fabulous. Nor do I think the world, even in our own

times,

times, is become so degenerate, that if you deserve a true friend, you may not find one; only you must make great allowances, as your friend must in your case, for the foibles and infirmities incident to human nature. And it is of prime importance to mark the distinction very strongly between *companions* and *friends;* a distinction very necessary to be pointed out to the young and thoughtless. The former may be found in all places, where there is any thing deserving the name of society: the latter are almost as rare as aloes in blossom, or eagles upon our mountains; and you may think yourself happy, if, exclusive of the circle of your own relations, you meet with two or three in the course of all your life.

A long separation may weaken, and death may interrupt, but neither of them can dissolve such a friendship as that I have described to you. Such was that I felt for Captain Osborn, of my own regiment, with whom I shared the dangers and hardships of many a campaign. His temper was warm,

frank,

frank, and generous; his knowledge of the world extenſive; his manners elegant; his accompliſhments various; his attachment to me proved by many an inſtance of diſintereſted exertion. He died at Gibraltar, and as there were no relations to conduct the mournful ceremony of his interment, it devolved on me. Upon his grave, over which the laurel and the cypreſs wave their united branches, I ſhed the tear of undiſſembled ſorrow; but that tear will never acquit me of an obligation which my heart tells me is indiſſoluble. I am ſenſible I have ſtill a tribute to pay to him, which is no leſs my ſolace than my duty. I ought to cheriſh his memory, and proclaim his praiſe; and as I am convinced, that no monument I could raiſe to his fame would be more acceptable, I am determined to perſevere in that path of honour we trod together with double delight, becauſe the one was confident that it was approved by the other. Whether in the ſeparate ſtate of the ſoul my friend is ſo far intereſted in the affairs of this lower world as to

feel any satisfaction in this my conduct, I am ignorant; but of this I am persuaded, that it is a great encouragement to virtuous attachments to think that they are not mortal, like the men who form them, but will flourish to all eternity. With what ardour do I embrace the sentiment of Tickell, conveyed in the beautiful invocation to his departed friend Addison!

"O if sometimes thy spotless soul descend,
To me thy aid, thou guardian Genius, lend!
When Rage misguides me, or when Fear alarms,
When Pain distresses, or when Pleasure charms,
In silent whisperings purer thoughts impart,
And turn from ill a frail and feeble heart;
Lead through the paths thy virtue trod before,
Till Bliss shall join, nor Death can part us more."

You may ask, what is the *duty* of a friend? It includes the performance of every office which Affection can dictate, and Virtue approve. Judicious and temperate admonition forms one of its important exercises.

Your

Your friend will feel peculiar pain when she observes you at any time deviating from the line of propriety: in any such case she will not be influenced by any false delicacy to preserve an unbecoming silence, nor will she assume the mask of a flatterer, and applaud you against the conviction of her judgment; no, she will rather take the first favourable opportunity of giving her candid opinion, and will remonstrate with you in the most delicate manner; but then she will neither hurt your feelings by her severity, nor offend your pride by an affectation of superior sense, or superior dignity; she will endeavour to convince you, that her remonstrances flow from disinterested kindness, and having no reason to doubt her sincerity, you ought implicitly to believe her.

Give her the clearest proofs of your confidence; conceal no foible, palliate no impropriety. Receive from her with gratitude the kind reproof that flows from tenderness and a desire for your happiness. Confess your

your faults to her with all candor, and correct them at her inſtigation with all diligence; ſo ſhall you be more worthy of your own approbation, and of her love.

But ſhe will not only ſhow her zealous attachment by words; her *actions* will convince you that ſhe deſerves to be conſidered as another ſelf: ſhe will rejoice in your proſperity, and do every thing in her power to promote it; and ſhould any afflicting event happen, ſhe will divide the burden of your ſorrows. The lonely ſufferer feels the ſmart of pain, or the load of misfortune, almoſt inſupportable; but when her friend appears, ſhe is inſtantly relieved; her mind becomes tranquillized, and the ſmiles of pleaſure ſoon ſucceed to the tears of affliction. Thus the ſun darts his rays through the ſtormy clouds, and the proſpect of nature brightens with greater luſtre, from the contraſt with its recent gloomineſs.

There are perſons who think that women are not ſo capable of firm and laſting friendſhip for each other as men; and for that

reaſon the eminent examples of friendſhip recorded in hiſtory relate ſolely to our ſex. For my part, I muſt do them the juſtice to ſay, that I know many inſtances of their attachment, which intitle them to ſhare the praiſe of friendſhip with the "Lords of the Creation." Perhaps they are unfortunate, as the lion in the fable well obſerved with reſpect to the victories obtained by his own ſpecies over men, in having no hiſtorians of their own ſex. But if it be true that we do really excel in this reſpect, let the ladies of the preſent day emulate the example we have ſet them, and as far as is in their power efface the imputation of fickleneſs caſt upon their ſex. The friendſhip of amiable females for each other, excluſive of various other advantages, cannot fail to increaſe the motives for *our* love of them; for love, however ſuperior in ardor to friendſhip, poſſeſſes in common with it the ſame principles of diſintereſtedneſs, conſtancy, and ſincerity, to render its nature perfect.

To

To return to the ſubject which ſuggeſted theſe obſervations.—As I well know that to pour the warm effuſions of the heart into the boſom of a friend is at all periods of life, and particularly at your's, to be ranked amongſt our moſt exquiſite pleaſures, far be it from me to check the current of your joys by oppoſing to it any unneceſſary obſtacle. All I wiſh is to direct that current to a right channel. All I wiſh is to guard you—againſt the forwardneſs and inſinuations of any who may wiſh to intrude into your heart;—againſt ever taſting the bitter fruits of miſapplied confidence, and adding one to the liſt of thoſe who complain of the ingratitude, perfidy, and treachery of mankind.

If then you have reaſon to conclude from your own attentive obſervation, and the beſt information you can obtain, that Miſs S. is good-natured, virtuous, modeſt, and diſcreet, and has ſenſe and ſenſibility enough to love you unfeignedly; encourage her advances to your confidence, nouriſh the young plant of

your

your friendſhip, and may it produce the moſt abundant fruits and flowers of ſympathy and mutual confidence throughout the whole courſe of your lives; may it be foſtered by the ſunſhine of your ſmiles, and never watered by the tears of your regret!

END OF VOL. I.

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